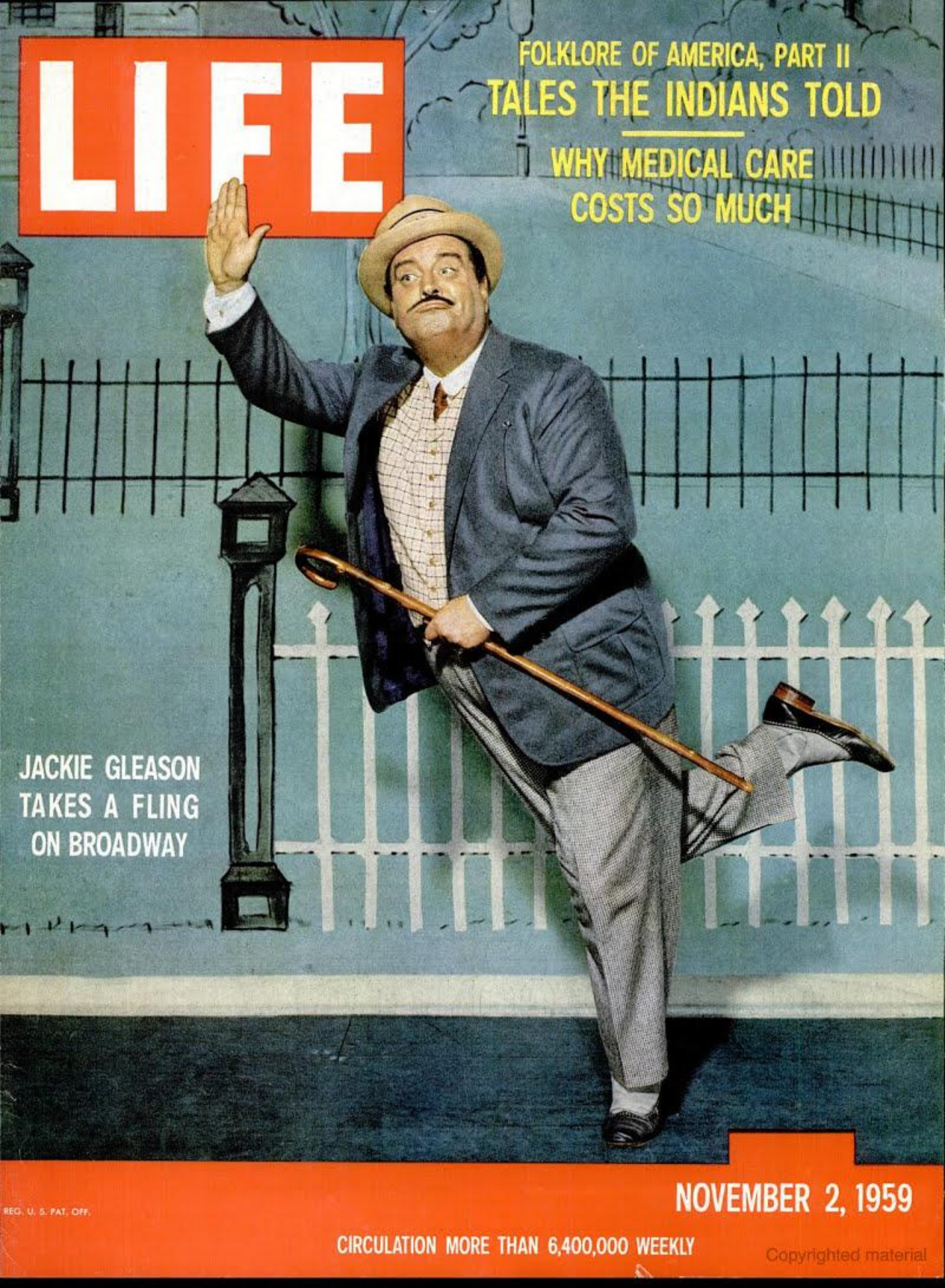


LIFE



FOLKLORE OF AMERICA, PART II
TALES THE INDIANS TOLD

**WHY MEDICAL CARE
COSTS SO MUCH**

**JACKIE GLEASON
TAKES A FLING
ON BROADWAY**

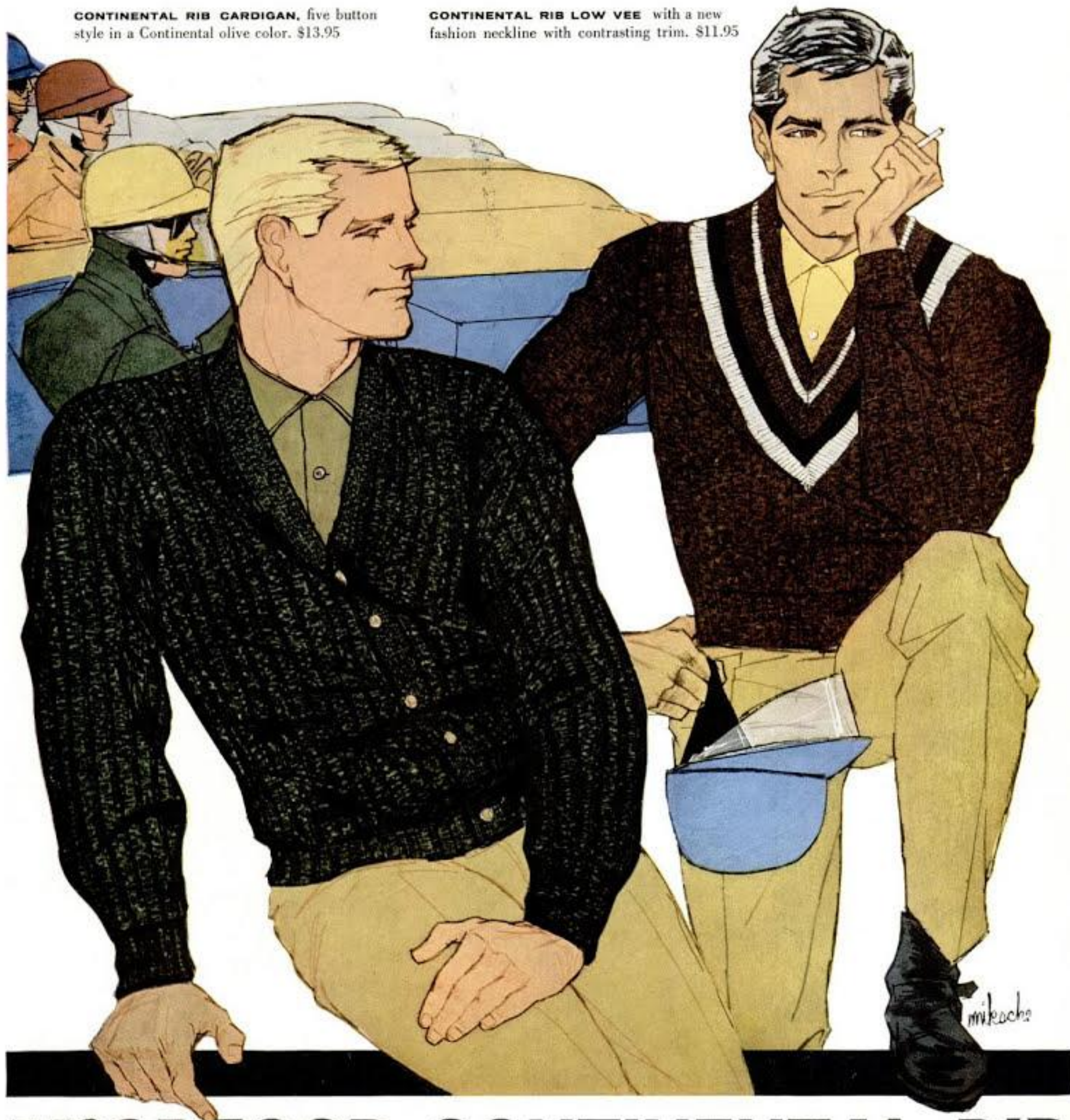
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Football as nobody sees it 16

A classic football game is uniquely photographed and reported—the whole drama of the locker rooms, coaches' working diaries, the moods of players in victory and defeat.



COACH PARAGHEAN

Jackie on stage

117

TV Comic Jackie Gleason romps back to Broadway playing a genial tosspot and helps turn O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness* into a nostalgic musical hit.



GLEASON GRIMACE

Rx for medical bills

82

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Redmen's legends

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SUN-TWINS ON RAINBOW

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How I Turned \$1000 into a Million

--starting in my spare time

AN AMAZING STORY THAT MAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE

by William Nickerson



PERHAPS the hardest thing about making a million dollars—or even \$200,000—is the act of believing it to be possible. This may be the stumbling block which will keep you from seizing upon the extraordinary opportunity presented here.

Out of every thousand people who read this page, perhaps only 10 will be able to overcome their ingrained skepticism enough to send away for more information. And out of those ten, perhaps only one or two will exploit this opportunity to the hilt. But those fortunate few may enjoy the kind of financial success that millions dream of but only a few achieve.

You can pyramid personal savings of \$2,500 (\$50 a month, plus interest, for 4 years) into an estate worth \$219,972 in 14 years... \$1,187,195 in 20 years.

Your chances for success in this field are better than 400 to 1—in fact, 1600 times better than if you went into business—according to actual U.S. government statistics.

And most, if not all, of your new wealth will be yours to keep tax-free—not even subject to capital gains tax!

I did better than that. When I was 25, my wife Lucille and I started saving part of my first modest earnings as a telephone company employee. In three years we had saved the down payment to buy a home. I began looking about for a way to insure a modest retirement income to supplement my telephone company pension.

From "Scratch" to \$500,000 by 42

Starting with only the \$1000 cash equity in my home, I pyramided this modest asset into \$500,000 by the time I was 42—all in my spare time. This exceeded the lifetime savings of the presidents of many telephone companies and of many other businesses. There seemed little point of my continuing to work on a salary. So I retired at 42 to concentrate on my investments—with considerable time for gardening, swimming in our backyard pool, hunting, fishing, and traveling.

Many friends turned to me for advice on how they could follow me up the road to fortune. Finally I decided to write a unique guidebook, in which I would share my money-making secrets with my friends—and anyone else who cared to use them.

But editors who read my first manuscript told me: "Ah, but your success depended on starting during the depression. It could never happen again!"

Another \$500,000 in Only 2 Years

This led me to study other men's money-making experiences, and current, non-depression-period opportunities. I found many multi-millionaires whose success in my field far overshadowed mine. I analyzed their secrets. Although I had not intended to increase my holdings, I found so many opportunities that in 2 years I doubled my estate to over \$1,000,000.

Now my book, *HOW I TURNED \$1000 INTO A MILLION*, is ready at last. And in it I reveal—and tell how to use—these 4 basic principles of traveling the last remaining road to great fortune still open to the average person:

1. How to harness the secret force of free enterprise—the pyramiding power of borrowed money. This is a concept which may sound strange, and even a little alarming, to the ordinary wage earner. But all it amounts to is that you are copying the money-making technique of large investors, including the banks themselves. If you have ever experienced difficulty in arranging a personal loan (or a commercial loan to go into business) you may have the idea that banks won't lend money to the "little fellow" for the purpose of making money. But I will show you how you can get lenders to put up gladly at least three dollars for every one of yours, thereby quadrupling the earning power of your capital.

2. How to choose income-producing multiple dwellings in which to invest your own (and your borrowed) capital. If you are interested in investing in income-producing property for income alone, then you will probably get along all right without any advice from me, although even there I can give you many tips. But if you are out to pyramid your capital, there is a definite set of conditions you must look for in order to get the full value out of my method of operation.

3. How to make your equity grow. A fair market value of an income-producing property is in ratio to its income—for example, in a dwelling with more units than a duplex, the market price should be equal to roughly 10 times the annual net income. Therefore, if you increase the annual net by means of the steps I outline, you increase the market value of the property—thereby increasing your equity.

4. How to virtually eliminate the "tax bite" on your capital growth. Because of today's graduated income tax, it is practically impossible to accumulate wealth by savings from your pay, no matter how successful you are. According to a recent survey by Dun & Bradstreet, most corporation presidents with annual salaries exceeding \$100,000 find it impossible to accumulate an estate sufficient for comfortable retirement, and their chief worry is sufficient savings for family security. Think how much harder it is for those earning a fraction of this amount.

But there is at least one comparatively tax-free road to fortune still open—perhaps the only one for the average person. I will show you how you can increase your net worth steadily without its being subject to income taxes—not even capital gains tax! J.K. Lasser's famous guide, *YOUR INCOME TAX*, says of this method that "the mathematics have almost unparalleled attraction."

I show you, in my book, exactly how to put the above four principles to work, starting in your spare time with only a modest nest egg. If you have about \$2500 right now—or if you can

save only \$50 a month for the next four years—you can start out soundly along the road to a million dollars. To enhance your progress you will need an additional personal investment of \$50 a month, or \$600 a year, for two more years after that, making a total investment from your personal savings of \$3600. But then you will start receiving income from your investment. In addition, if you follow my instructions carefully, your capital can grow at the following startling rate:

In 2 years, your \$3600 grows to \$5,800.
In 4 years, you have \$11,575.
In 6 years, \$21,681.
In 8 years, \$39,363.
In 10 years, \$70,548.
In 12 years, \$124,884.
In 14 years, \$219,972.
In 16 years, \$386,376.
In 18 years, \$677,583.
In 20 years, \$1,187,195.

Naturally, there are many ramifications as you rise ever higher toward a million dollars. How far you want to go up this ladder depends on how much retirement income you would like. You can conservatively expect to earn an average net return of 6% on your personal equity. Realty syndicates are able to take out a sizable bite for salaries and other heavy expenses—and still virtually guarantee a 6% net return to individual investors who devote no time or thought to their projects. So, if you would be satisfied with a retirement income of at least \$12,000 a year, you might decide to stop when your equity reaches \$200,000.

"There Must Be a Catch to It!"

Right now, it would be understandable if you were sputtering, "But—but—it's not that simple. It can't be that simple. It never is! There must be a catch to it!"

Of course there's a catch to it! There are hundreds of "catches"—hundreds of pitfalls and traps for the unwary who have never traveled what I call the "realty road to riches." But I made it, by learning as I went along. And you have a priceless advantage which I never had—the advantage of being able to know beforehand everything I had to learn by trial-and-error.

My 497-page book is literally the product of a lifetime, into which I have poured every distilled ounce of practical knowledge I gained along the road to fortune. It answers all the questions on real estate operations that my friends have ever asked me. Most of the book is written in narrative form, in which I lead you through one actual transaction after another, setting forth each step in detail.

But isn't it too late to make a fortune? That's what they told me when I started, during the depression. Don't forget, this method of making money is not dependent on continued economic boom or inflation. It is benefited and underwritten by America's continuing population boom, which is expected to result in 77 million more people by 1980.

But are there enough opportunities for everybody who reads this book? Income property opportunities are inexhaustible. Sellers offering bargains or unusually good terms include unimaginative owners who have allowed their properties to deteriorate... shortsighted property "milkers"... heirs in a hurry... spendthrifts who sell cheap to pay for personal indulgences... absentee owners... older owners who wish to liquidate... owners whose jobs are relocated.

But what about rent control? In my book I give you 10 legitimate ways you can still increase net income and therefore resale value in rent control areas. The first rule: observe the law!

But what if there's another recession? The last three recessions affected rental property less than any other form of investment. It is an accepted realty axiom that land values rise whenever the population rises, as ours has continued to do. What ruined many property owners during the depression were short-term mortgages with high interest. Today mortgages have a lower rate of interest, and average 15 to 20 years instead of 3 to 5, making it possible for the principal to be paid off automatically by monthly income.

Read Book for 2 Weeks Free—Then Decide

You may have other questions, other doubts. Rather than attempt to answer them all here, the publishers invite you to examine my book free for two weeks in your own home. You be the judge. See if this isn't the most amazing, exciting—yet completely practical and sensible—way you ever heard of for breaking out of the earning-and-spending rat-race in which most people are trapped. If you're not convinced, return the book in two weeks and pay nothing, owe nothing. Otherwise it's yours to keep for only \$4.95 plus a few cents postage. I have a hunch you'll conclude that this is the most spectacularly productive investment you ever made. Mail coupon or write to: **SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. 210, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.**

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Please send me William Nickerson's 497-page book, *HOW I TURNED \$1000 INTO A MILLION*, for two weeks' free examination. If not convinced that this book can pay for itself literally thousands of times over, I may return it in 14 days and pay nothing. Otherwise I will keep it and remit only \$4.95 plus a few cents postage as payment in full.

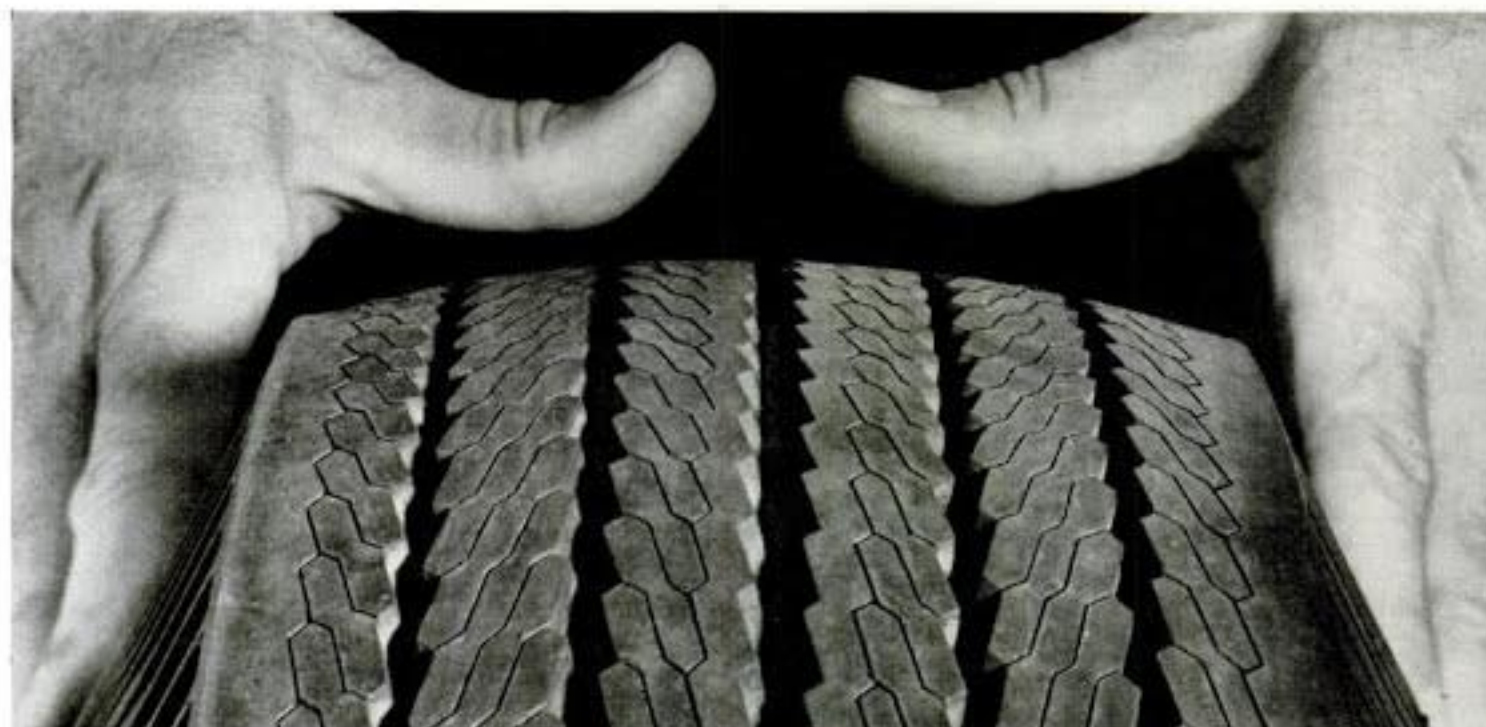
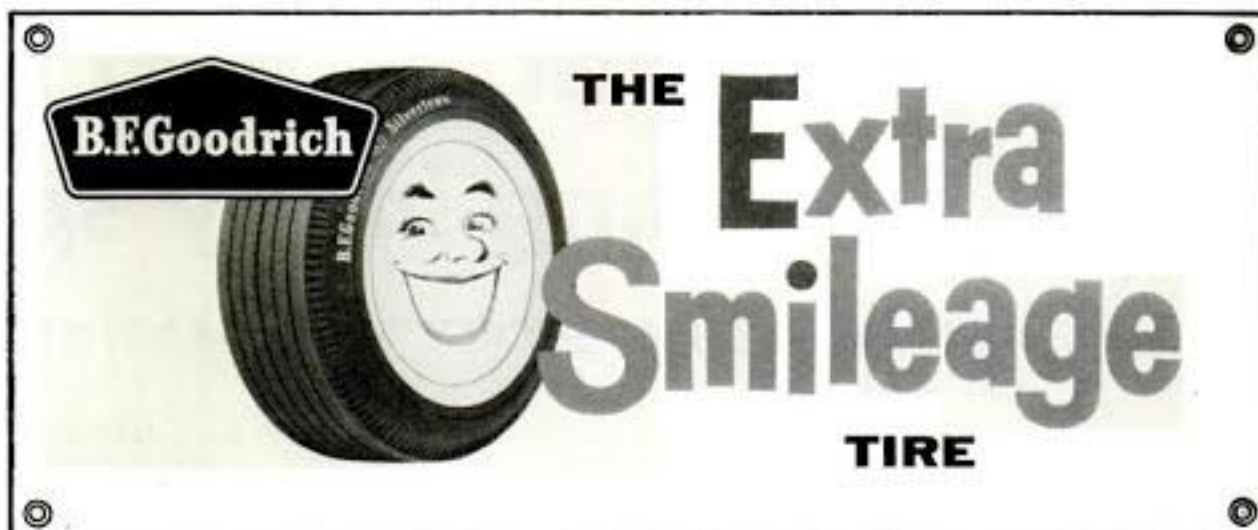
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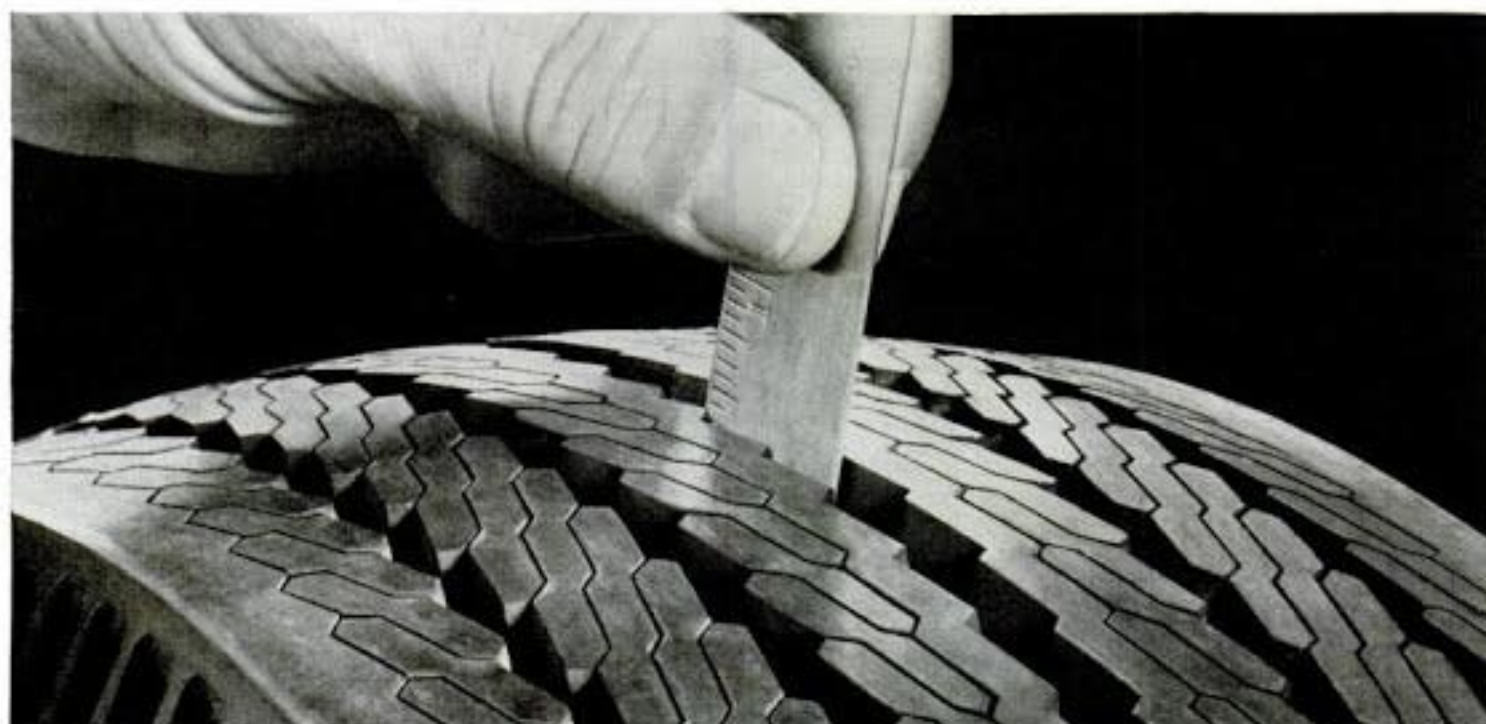
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broad-shouldered design gives smaller cars more stability at high speeds, gives bigger cars a quicker response to power steering and power brakes.



EXTRA DEEP TREAD — HT Silvertowns have a 6% deeper, thicker tread than regular tires — plus a new zigzag design for no-skid stops and

turns. You get Extra Smileage *beneath* that firm, muscular tread, too—four plies of sturdy, heat-resisting nylon cord.

EXTRA quiet

HT Silvertowns roll on a new kind of tread rubber—a development of B.F. Goodrich research called Quiet Rubber. You get a comfortable, relaxing ride because Quiet Rubber eliminates almost all tire squeal and road hum.

EXTRA long wear

Actual driving tests by the B.F. Goodrich fleet prove HT Silvertown's new design, new dimensions and new Quiet Rubber can produce up to 22% extra mileage for you. Here's extra Smileage you can measure in your driving budget.

EXTRA traction

Tests show that the HT Silvertown's tread, even when 50% worn, equals the traction of most new tires of conventional tread design. You can count on HT's for extra safety—on turnpikes or muddy back roads.

EXTRA cooling

A continuous pattern of buttresses on the HT's shoulder helps this tire dissipate heat more rapidly than regular tires do. Nylon cords also help keep the Silvertown HT's heat build-up to a minimum.

EXTRA economy

All new and nylon, too, the Silvertown HT costs only \$2.15 more than a regular "new-car" tire (6.70-15, 7.50-14 sizes, tubeless). Your B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages. See him now! The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

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Can a hard-of-hearing beauty succeed as a model?

**Kathleen Hanley does.
Can you spot her Sonotone?**

Miss Hanley, a busy fashion model, not only wears the newest styles, but also a Sonotone hearing aid. And she will be the first to tell you that much of the credit for her success goes to her Sonotone. She couldn't work without it.

Miss Hanley makes a lovely model, as you can see from these photos. But what you *can't* see is her hearing aid. And there's nothing down the back of her neck. No transmitter beneath her outfit. The answer? Miss Hanley is wearing Sonotone's behind-the-ear model. She's worn it in dozens of fashion shows...and no one in the audience has spotted it yet!

This Sonotone is a girl's best friend. It is so tiny it tucks neatly behind the top of the ear. Whether your hair is long *or* short, most hair styles hide it completely. (It even comes in five different hair colors!) Although the battery is no larger than an aspirin tablet, this hearing aid still amplifies sounds hundreds of times.

Here is another example of Sonotone leadership in hearing aids. Get full information about this and other new developments—write now.



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*Miss Hanley and her
photographer, Philip Stearns, go
on location all over the world.
She reports Sonotone service is
as excellent in Europe as
it is here in the U.S.A.*

*Even close-up, her date can't
spot her Sonotone. (It's
actually behind her right ear.)*



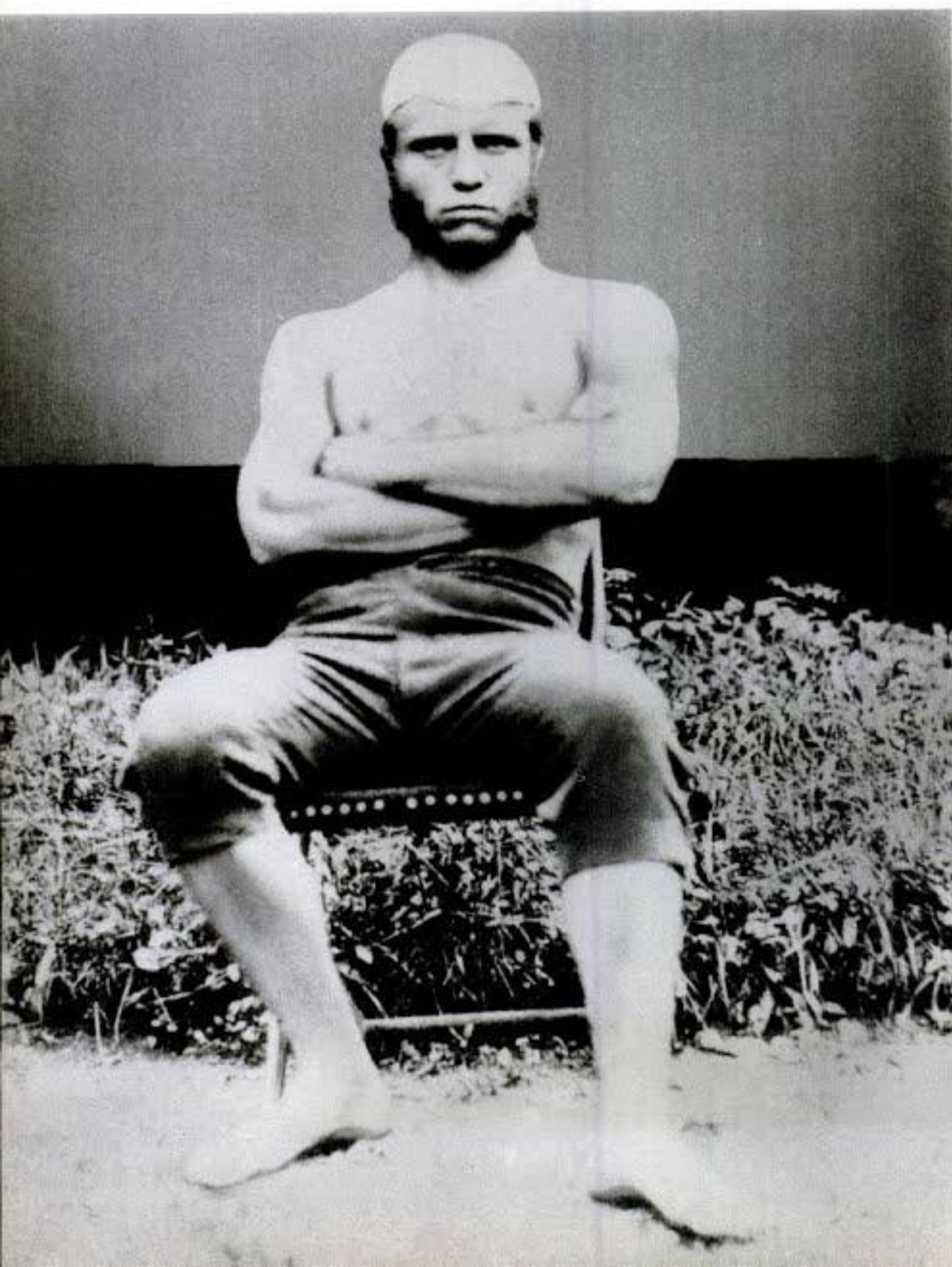
A Diverse Gallery of T. R. Roles

In his eventful lifetime Theodore Roosevelt played a wide variety of roles—and played them all with conscious, consummate skill. He started the process at 18 months when his parents took him to a New York photographer for his first portrait sitting (*top left*). Wearing a boy's fancy dress of the period, Teddy posed as a bonneted cherub and produced a likeness that was wholly unrecognizable as the future Rough Rider.

This is one of the many rare photos from Stefan Lorant's new 635-page pictorial biography, *The Life and Times of Theodore Roosevelt*, to be published next month by Doubleday. Lorant tells how Roosevelt, through omnivorous reading of adventure stories, vicariously led heroes' lives as a youngster. Later the camera caught him leading a varied life as huntsman, sportsman and adventurer. In old age he was very much the grandfather. Once, when he lifted his infant granddaughter from her crib (*bottom right*), his wife remonstrated: "Theodore, do you know what you've done? Someone will have to hold that baby for the rest of the afternoon." "All right," said T.R. happily, and kept the baby in his arms for hours.



A GOOD LITTLE BOY. Theodore Roosevelt posed at the age of 18 months for his first formal portrait. It was taken in the summer of 1860 at a photographer's studio on Broadway, near the brownstone on 20th Street where he was born.



THE FIRST U.S. PRESIDENT TO RIDE IN A PLANE, T.R.

AS COLLEGE BOXER he took glowering stance at Harvard in 1877. In sophomore year he was trounced trying for the campus lightweight crown.



DRESSED FOR HARVARD, just before freshman year, T.R. wears middy blouse at summer home on Long Island.



PIPE-SMOKING HUNTSMAN, Roosevelt shot game in Minnesota with younger brother, Elliott, in 1880. T.R. reported they traveled "on muscle and don't give a hang for any man." Teddy bagged 203 animals to beat Elliott's 201.



ON SNOWSHOES, Roosevelt hunted in Maine just before starting junior year at Harvard. He called Maine life "bully."



FLEW IN 1910, WHEN OUT OF OFFICE TWO YEARS

LOVING GRANDFATHER, Roosevelt holds his granddaughter Edith in a long embrace. Picture was taken in Oyster Bay the summer before T.R. died.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR: PART I

Sirs:

You are to be congratulated for taking up a subject as vital and timely as "You and Your Doctor" (LIFE, Oct. 12) and bringing out in the open the situation which exists today.

MRS. JOSEPH S. CORRELL

Raleigh, N.C.

Sirs:

As a pharmacist over the past 35 years I have observed the patient-physician relationship of several thousand physicians. There is no doubt that when success is measured by the satisfaction to the patient, those physicians who have been most successful have been those who recognized the fact that medicine is both an art and a science, and who, in so doing, treated the whole patient.

ARTHUR C. EMELIN

Larchmont, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a practicing surgeon I am aghast at your harmful article. Have you a method to make illness and financial burdens more pleasant? As for the doctors, "let's look at the record." For the sake of accurate reporting why not keep hands off a subject completely outside your ken?

ROBERT D. CRANE, M.D.

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

What greater gift can the Almighty give to mankind than compassion and understanding from his fellow man. May God bless you for reminding the medical profession that this is their greatest tool and always will be.

JAMES A. SCALIA

Yuma, Ariz.

Sirs:

Science vs. sympathy in medicine is a false dichotomy. A doctor who is true to his calling will express his sympathy in the form of a single-minded application of all his professional skill to the problem of the patient's illness.

For him to split up his energies, devoting a share to the techniques of pleasantness as you ask him to do, will make him just that much less effective as a doctor.

Your outcry on behalf of the patient rings false. It is not concerned with the patient's real need, which is to be healed, but with his wish, which is to be pleased.

GUTHRIE E. JANSEN

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is well to deplore the passing of the good old country doctor, but what about the good old patient? You say that we doctors should explain more to our patients. This point is well taken. Unfortunately even college graduates now obtain their information about their bodily functions from advertisements of laxatives, buffered aspirins and deodorants. Few patients ever do care about an explanation apart from a cliché like "tired blood."

It takes more than just a shot or a tablet to cure a person: cooperation between doctor and patient is necessary. Nowadays a patient comes to a doctor with the attitude: "Come on, Doc, fix me up." Frankly, I believe the people will always get in the long run what they

want, be it government, low I.Q. education, poor TV fare or impersonal medical care.

WERNER BERGMANN, M.D.

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

I am shocked that a national magazine would stoop to such an attack on a profession which is as highly respected as medicine.

Perhaps there are some members of the medical profession who are incompetent, but I have lived in many parts of these United States and I have enjoyed the very best medical care by the most competent, sympathetic and dedicated men.

ANN SNYDER

Glendale, Calif.

Sirs:

The first of your "Doctor" series is good. Twelve years ago I began a similar work, which I hope will become a text for doctors. I am enclosing a copy of the picture heading the chapter which deals with a new specialist.

This note is prompted by the similarity of our concept of the patient patient. You will note that I have allowed for a new crop of specialists straining the gate at upper left to get a crack at Gulliver. All I can say is, it is great that science is moving so rapidly to aid man in a better understanding of man.

ROBERT RATHBONE, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.



DR. RATHBONE'S GULLIVER

Sirs:

Appearing at an allergist's office with a swollen and purplish eye, I was told, "Put ice on it." (Of course, I had already tried that.) For this priceless pearl of wisdom, the fee was \$25.

When I called to question this unlikely sum, the devoted physician replied, "I didn't send for you—you came to me—that's my fee, and you'd better pay it."

SARA J. KAPLAN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I thank God every day for my wonderful doctor who never was too busy to explain, sympathize or advise, any time I called or visited the office—though I knew he had more work than the day had hours.

MRS. WILLIAM FREMONT

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

Assuming a person has made the right selection of his doctor, he can still get old-fashioned sympathy as well as modern science if he plays his part.

I hope somewhere something will be said about what the patients must do to deserve the doctor's personal attention. Only too often it is the modern patient's attitude that comes between him and the doctor.

In my own business of being a stockbroker, the attitude of clients has as much to do with the service individuals get as the particular broker whom they may select.

G. M. LOEB

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Warren Young's beautifully expressed paragraph on sympathy and science took away my doubts about the propriety of allowing you to use my picture at the opening of your article. In my opinion this was an earnest effort to be impartial and to define some of the points of friction which spoil the smooth contacts in medical care.

WRIGHT MAC MILLAN, M.D.

Upper Montclair, N.J.

GRIM GRACIE

Sirs:

In the caption under our photograph of Gracie's eye ("Close-up of Grim Gracie," LIFE, Oct. 12), I regret that Light Photographic Squadron 62 was not mentioned. The picture was one of a thousand-odd taken by seven different pilots flying 16 sorties into, through, over and around the photogenic Gracie.

R. S. HILL
Commander, U.S.N.

Cecil Field, Fla.

L.S.U.

Sirs:

I read with interest your article on "The Chinese Bandits of L.S.U." (LIFE, Oct. 12). The term "Chinese bandits" was used here at the University of Cincinnati to designate the defensive platoon in the late 1940s. At that time, L.S.U.'s present head coach, Paul Dietzel, was Cincinnati's line coach.

J. E. BURKE

Cincinnati, Ohio

COLUMBUS

Sirs:

In your article, "New World As Seen by Columbus" (LIFE, Oct. 12), you included a photograph of Columbus' tomb in Ciudad Trujillo. Three months ago while touring Spain, our guide showed us Columbus' tomb in the cathedral in Seville. Where is it really?

CONCEPCION RISA DIAZ

Del Rio, Texas

● Historians have long argued about the whereabouts of Columbus' remains. Some believe his bones were moved from the cathedral in Santo Domingo (now Ciudad Trujillo) in the late 18th Century, taken to Havana, then removed to Seville. Many historians say the wrong casket was removed by the Spaniards and that a casket found in the Santo Domingo Cathedral's crypt in 1877 contained the true remains of Columbus.—ED.

WORLD SERIES

Sirs:

That fellow upstairs who runs the magazine should speak to that fellow downstairs who runs the sports section about that series story written by that there baseball fellow ("Of Case Figures the Series," LIFE, Oct. 12). He writes only a little better than he manages.

But it was a nice try.

RALPH D. HESS

Dover, Del.

Sirs:

Keep Casey Stengel on your staff—at least for future World Series games! His writing is unique.

RUBE LOVERING

St. Paul, Minn.

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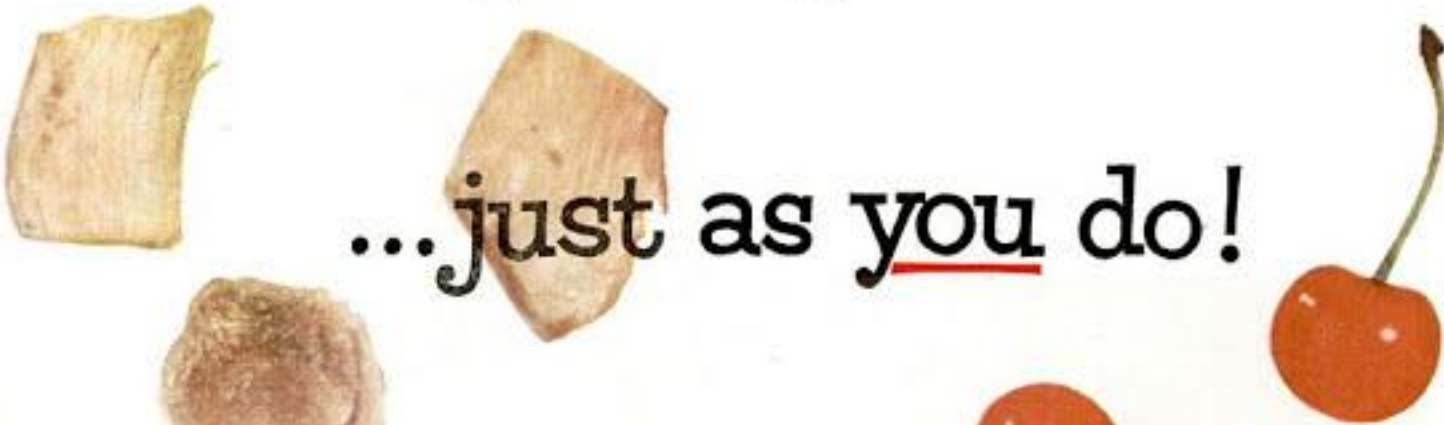
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Pick your Pot Pies—Chicken, Beef, or Turkey. Choose your Fruit Pie—Cherry, Apple (now featured at special low, low prices) or any of the other five Morton favorites! And this very night, serve an "Old Kentucky Recipe" supper. You'll serve it *proudly*! All prepared. All ready to bake. All in your grocer's freezer *now*!



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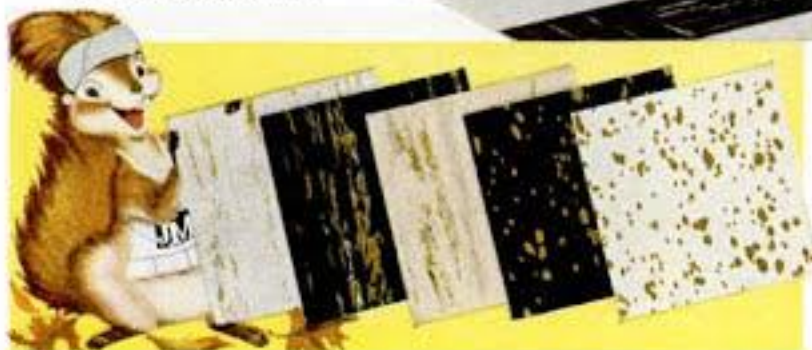
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Pictured above is J-M Gold Metallic style floor tile in rich marbelized patterns of Nubian Gold and Arctic Gold. Other new metallic styles shown at the left. Exclusive J-M brush-on colorless adhesive makes it easier to "do it yourself."

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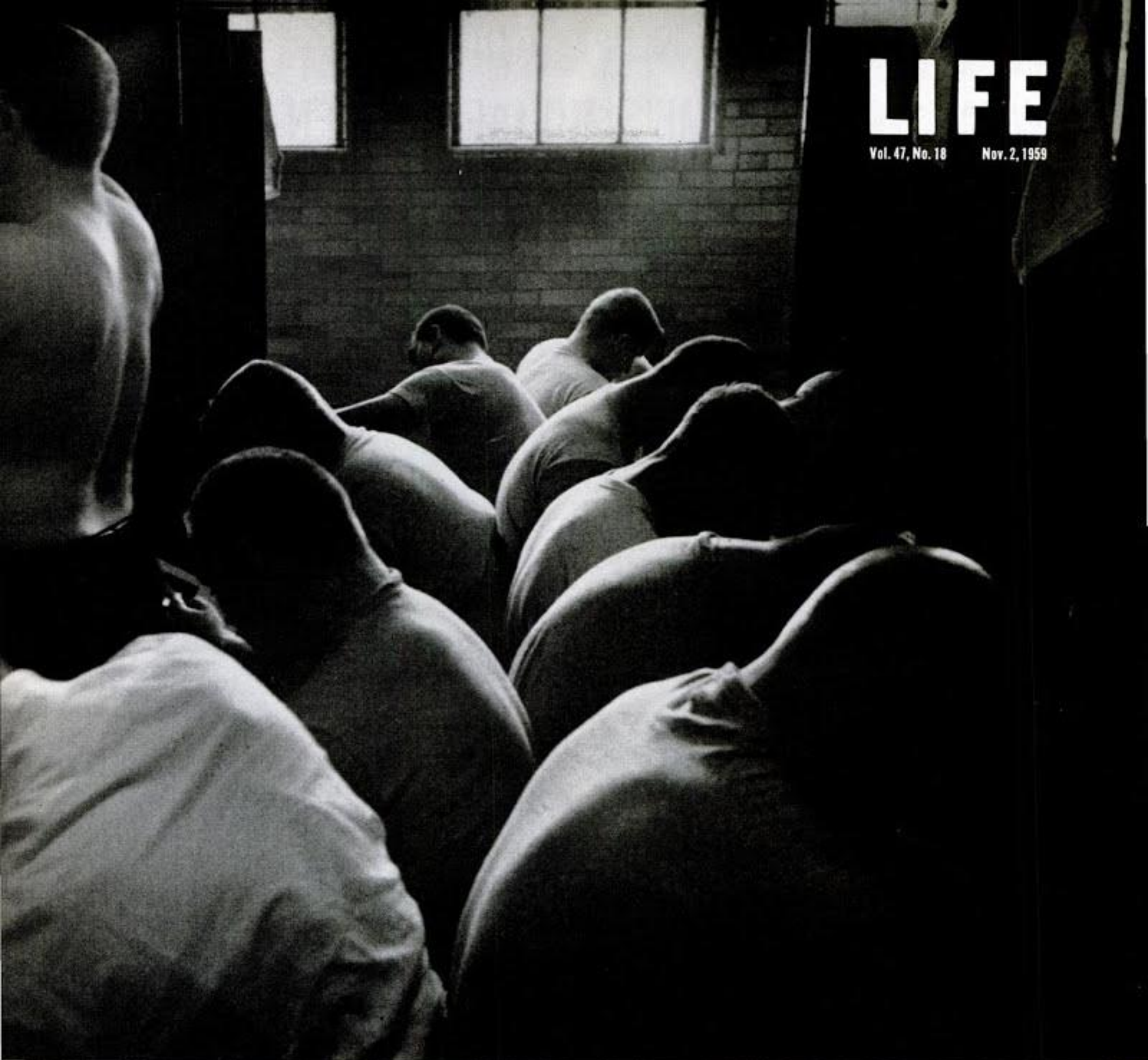


NORTHWESTERN

Players sit tensely in front of the lockers an hour before kickoff, each suffering with his own anxious thoughts which he is unwilling to share.

NOTRE DAME

Trying to relax on the locker-room mats, Ollie Flor rises restlessly on his arms while Gene Viola stares up, trying not to let tension take over.



TAUT DRAMA BEHIND A FOOTBALL CLASSIC

THE GAME THAT NOBODY SAW

The drama that unfolded on the football field at South Bend last week had everything that spectators could ask for. The game was a big one, the resumption of an old rivalry between Notre Dame, the most glamorous name in college football, and Northwestern which is very close right now to being the nation's best team. The spectators were stirred by long runs, brilliant tackles, breath-taking passes, fierce head-to-head play. But for all that, they missed the game's deep human drama.

This was being enacted behind closed doors in the teams' locker rooms. By tradition, what takes place there is too sacred to be shared by outsiders. But LIFE was given permission to be in the locker rooms before and after the game and at half time to take these engrossing pictures—

with all their emotional impact—of a football game that nobody sees.

The drama begins with these pictures taken before the game. Tension was graven in the faces of the players, staring at the ceiling or at their toes, clustered in silent huddles, feeling a strange kind of fear. For minutes at a time, almost the only sound was the players' breath, coming in deep gasps. The Northwestern manager said, "I can't stand any more of this," and left.

At half time, while the baton-twirlers and the bands took over the field, the players were back in the locker rooms, steeling themselves for the final effort as they were instructed and exhorted by the coaches, for whom this game was the explosive climax of a week's work and worry.

Photographed for LIFE by ROBERT W. KELLEY and STAN WAYMAN

CONTINUED 17

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WHAT NOTRE DAME'S KUCHARICH WENT THROUGH

During the week before the game, Joe Kuharich, Notre Dame's new coach, worked around the clock. As he expressed his thoughts and worries, LIFE reporter Don Underwood set them down.

SUNDAY Watched movie of our game against Michigan State. Saw it so many times. If I ever go blind, it'll be while watching game movies. The same mistakes—the same ones over and over and we lost 19-0. I discount them in advance but I still get shocked. Our timing was off. We made silly mistakes, but our real failure was in not hitting open receivers. Seven plays, count 'em, seven, we had open receivers. Couldn't do anything right. Didn't recognize opposition plays fast. Didn't follow through well.

MONDAY Need to improve on everything today. I mean all of it. More injuries. Have to scramble for replacements again. Started seven sophomores last week, probably eight will go this week. We need contact, but I can't afford to scrimmage hard. I might lose all the team, instead of just three quarters. Tonight the boys will hear what we're up against. Hope it doesn't frighten us—ha—I can't even laugh. Northwestern's style is somewhat like Purdue's, but they have a more balanced attack. And, this frightens me—they use all three backs running. That's what hurts. Still, their history shows they pass only in passing situations. They don't kill you with the unexpected. They just kill you when you know it's coming.

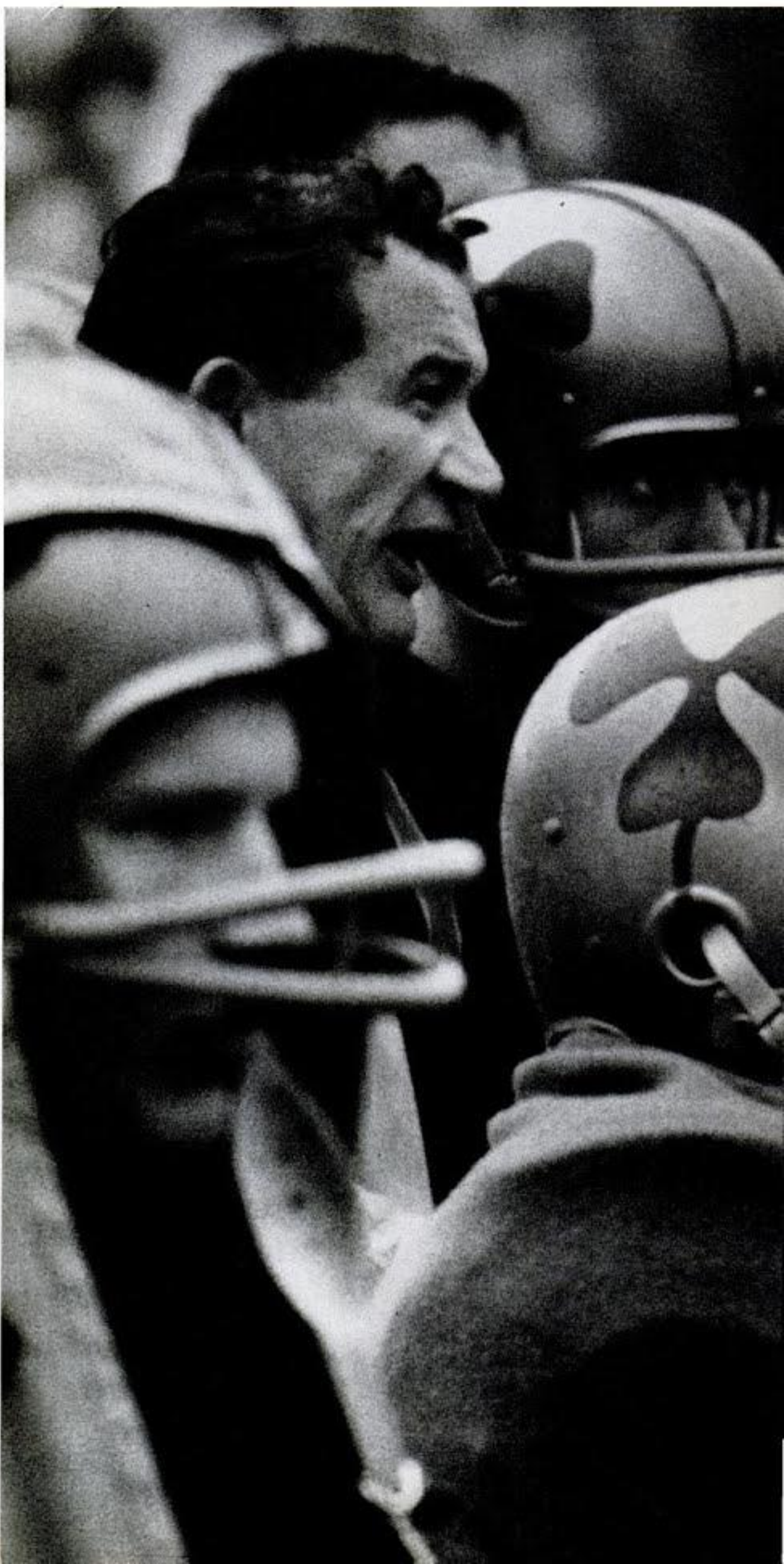
TUESDAY You execute nicely in practice. Then you're in a game. So you figure, we'll break the play just right. Go all the way. What happens? Why the quarterback or halfback drops the ball or an assignment is missed. These sophomore tackles. Now they take quite a pounding. They're good, but it's a shame they have to carry the load so early.

WEDNESDAY You can't say Northwestern is spectacular, but oh, how they move the ball. Fine execution, plenty of power. They'll burn us sure somewhere. The basics again today. We can't neglect anything. We should work on switch blocks, too. But what will they use? They'll spring something on us. We can hustle like rabbits, create a storm, but is it effective? Channel our pursuit. That's the key to good aggressiveness. Hope we play like we practice. Our boys must learn what pursuit is—specific, and yet mean. Like Northwestern. They're masters of it.

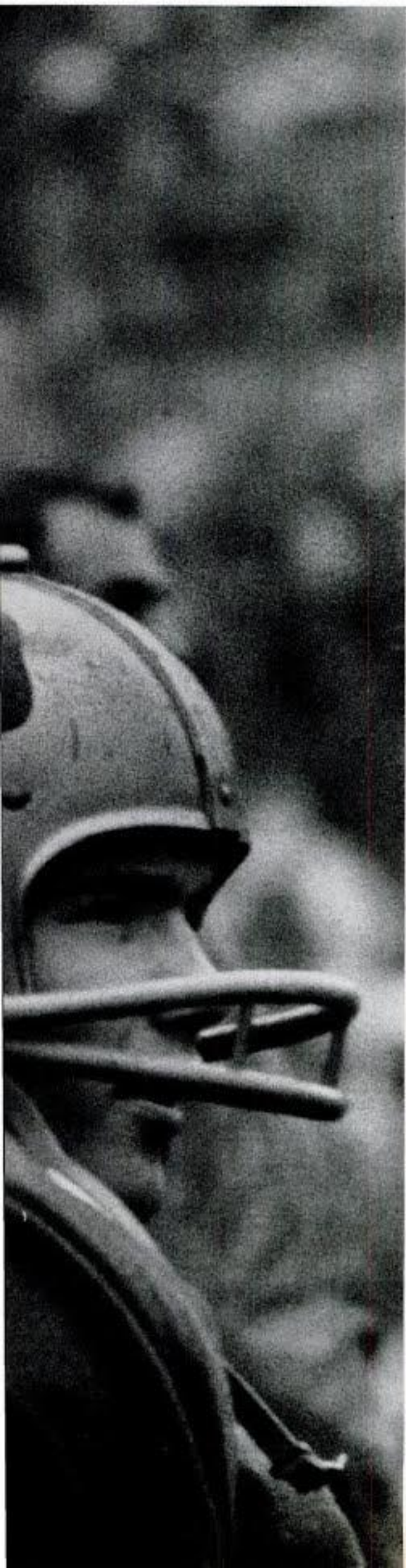
THURSDAY Taper off day. Signal drills. No real contact. We work on the fringe plays—kicks, points after touchdown, field goals. Boning up. Our timing was good again. We're breaking well and clear.

FRIDAY If we can run at all, we'll be able to throw. Just one time, if our man gets sprung, we're in business. If the running clicks for us, then they'll counteract. They'll back off. They'll loosen up elsewhere. We'll press them into errors. We seem up today. What about tomorrow? You can't really tell. The worst person in the world to try and evaluate Notre Dame's own chances is me, the coach.

SATURDAY The rally last night was good. The kids got keyed up—it helps. Well, I slept pretty good, anyway. This rain should help us if we pass well. We'll push the passes more. With the wet field, we're better off. Defense can't cut with you. If he slips and is a split second too late, you're off. We'll probably both fumble. All we need to do is hit the hardest.



...AND HOW PARSEGHIAN PLANNED AGAINST HIM



At Northwestern, the young head coach Ara Parseghian worked just as hard getting his team ready for Notre Dame. His week's diary was set down by LIFE reporter Jack McDermott.

SUNDAY Got the coaching staff together at 1 p.m. and reviewed films of yesterday's game against Michigan. I didn't realize we had made so many mistakes. We won 20-7 but if we play like that against Notre Dame they'll run us right out of the stadium. Five hours of watching film made us bleary-eyed. We listened to the scouting report on Notre Dame. They're big and strong and tough.

MONDAY Coaches met with me at 7 a.m. Last man in buys coffee, and this morning Beatty bought. First thing was a look at Notre Dame-California films. They are even bigger looking in the movies. Worked most of the morning on defenses. Spoke at a luncheon and there were questions. "Have you planned any special plays for the Rose Bowl game?" Ha, ha, very funny. All I have to do is play Notre Dame next and they've got us in the Rose Bowl already. At practice defensive units a little sluggish, especially against passes.

TUESDAY We started in again at 7 a.m. Doc Urich bought the coffee. Worked right through the morning. The quarterbacks' pivots are poorly executed and I'm getting sick and tired of it. Got an anonymous letter advising me that the field telephone between me and my spotters would be tapped on Saturday. Probably a crank. Even if a club stooped that low, they wouldn't be able to crack our code. Prac-

tice went a little better but I can tell that the boys are taking their time about getting up for Saturday.

WEDNESDAY Started at 7. Shoults bought coffee. We're running out of time. The boys are still flat. I roared at them all afternoon. They have just got to realize that this is serious business.

THURSDAY Rumors around. An old alum called to say he heard that there were some fist fights at the Notre Dame practice yesterday. If it's true, it means they want to win this one so bad they can taste it. At practice, told one boy he ran like an old lady. Actually he went pretty good. Made a little speech after practice. I told them they were ripe for plucking. They're not going down there to play a bunch of patsies. I'm starting to get worried. It always starts on Thursday night.

FRIDAY Didn't sleep much last night. At practice offensive unit sharp. That second defensive unit needs a lot of work but we've run out of time. We drove to Elkhart in a bad rainstorm. Had to cancel our visit to Notre Dame stadium. Stayed up till 1 o'clock reviewing plays and writing them down on little slips of paper.

SATURDAY Up at 7. I went over my list of plays to make sure I had them all. I could feel the butterflies starting in my stomach. Took a long walk in the rain going over the plays in my mind. I talked to the squad afterwards, reviewing assignments. I told the boys to go for walks and think of the enemy just 15 miles away. Then buses were ready to take us to Notre Dame. I said a prayer and got aboard.



← **IN THE MIST** of his players, Notre Dame Coach Joe Kuharich instructs a player on the sidelines.

OUT IN FRONT of his players on sidelines Northwestern's Coach Parseghian yells to team to get going.



TIRED TACKLE, Gene Gossage, suffers from bruises and a cold. But he played 50 minutes of the game.



DRY-MOUTHED SUB, Bud Melvin, contemplatively chews orange. He hurt head in previous game.

PAY-OFF IN THE LOCKER ROOM

As the Northwestern players trooped exhausted into the locker room at half time, they had only one desire: to lie down and rest. They slumped to the floor, propping themselves up against pillars and walls and staring vacantly through the window light that came through the base of the ceilings. All week long Coach Parseghian had kept telling them that Notre Dame was big and tough and in the past half hour they had found out he was right. Outweighed ten pounds to a man, Northwestern players had been given a rough time. They had finished with a flourish at the end of the half—a successful 54-yard pass—but they had to consider all the dreadful possibilities that could befall them before the game ended.

For the first eight minutes of the 15-minute half-time rest, the coaches said nothing to the players except an occasional quiet word of ad-

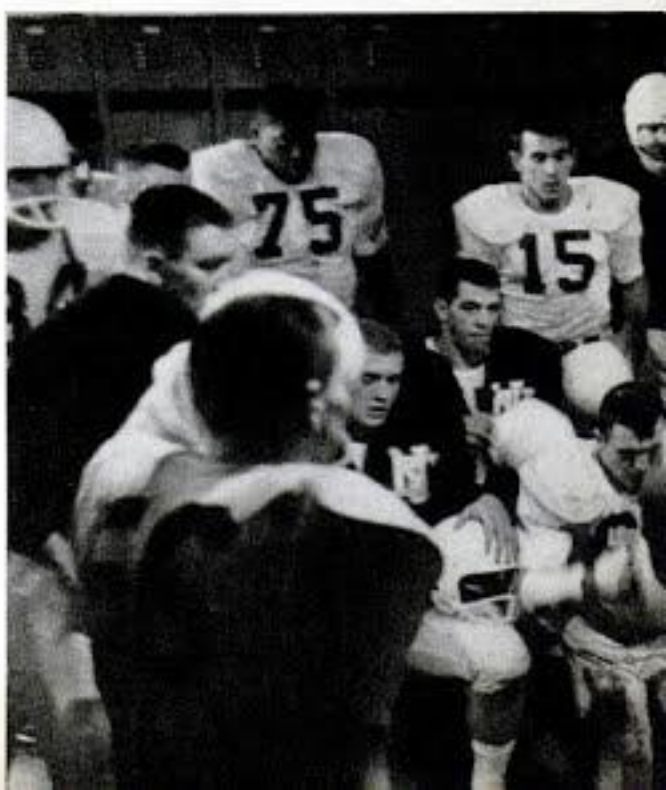
vice. Then Parseghian called his quarterbacks up to the blackboard and discussed a new Notre Dame defensive alignment that had been confusing Northwestern players. Calmly and unhurriedly he diagrammed with his piece of chalk a system to frustrate the Notre Dame maneuver. The heart of his advice was to send pass receivers out in fan formations to thin out Notre Dame's strong points. He also told his quarterbacks to run from pass formation in situations where they had not run before and thereby deceive the over-eager Notre Dame linemen. He set up three plays and, in the second half, two of them went for touchdowns while the third gained consistently.

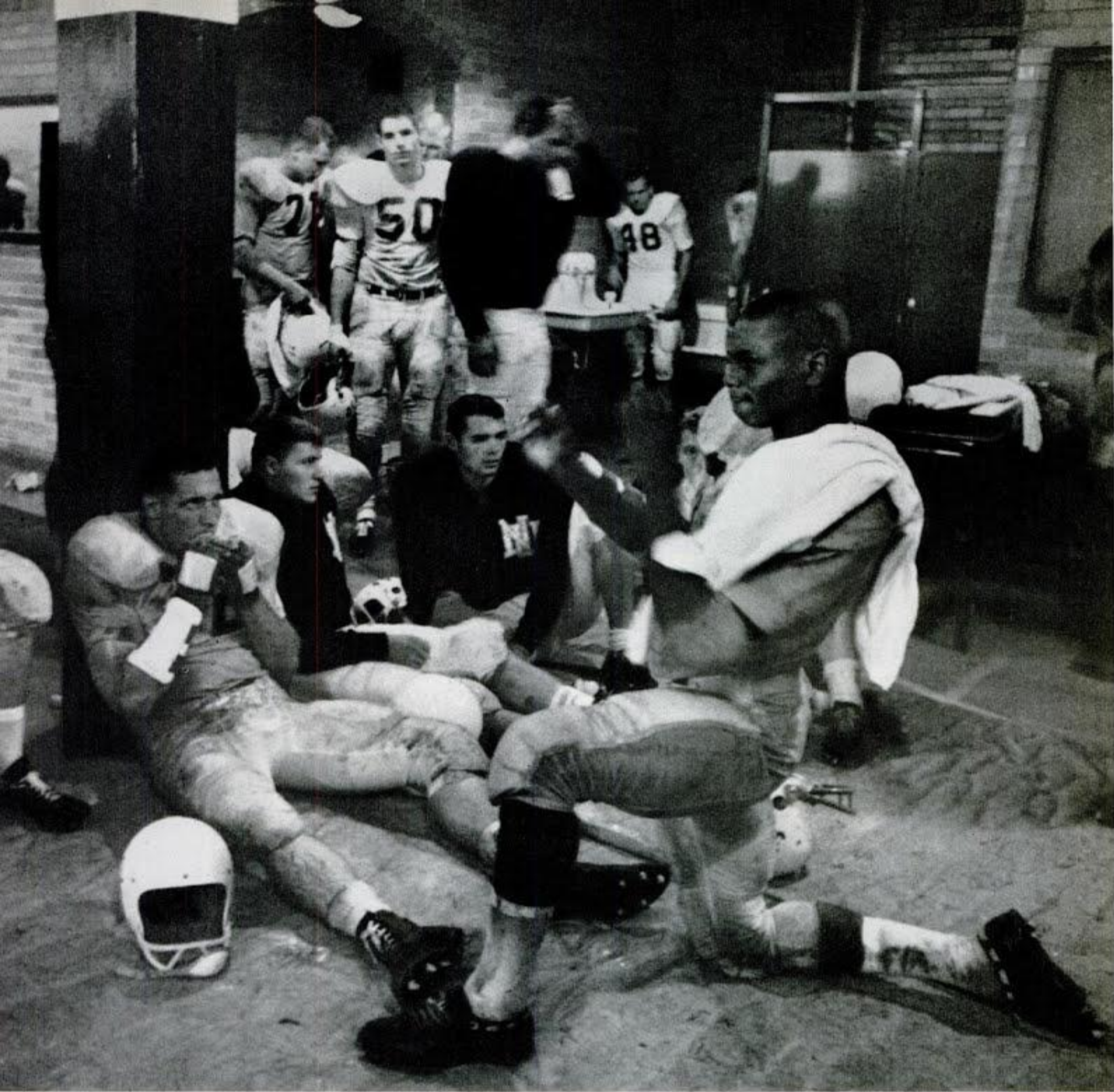
Then, shifting from low to high gear, Ara Parseghian turned to the team. Glowering intensely, he gave a 30-second pep talk (right) which resounded throughout the locker room.



ATTENTIVE GUARD Jim Lutz (left) listens as he rests. A line coach is giving him and teammates

new instructions on how to get around Notre Dame's tricky blocking patterns when they rush passers.





← **THE FINAL WORD** from the coach, a last minute pep talk delivered by Parseghian, brings the team to its feet before taking field for second half. The team responded with two more touchdowns.

DEFENSE PLAN for containing Notre Dame end sweeps which hurt Northwestern in first half, is mapped by Irv Cross (*kneeling*) as Gossage (*center*), and Quarterback Larry Wood (*sitting left*) listen.

THE CLIMAX IS THE PEP TALK

All right! Let me have your attention boys! Now look, we still have thirty minutes of football to play. They're gonna make it rough for us in there! We've got to be just as rough and just as aggressive! But no dirty play out there! Keep it clean: just take that football and shut 'em off down there! Shut 'em off and let's get that fumble in there and let's murder them and run right through them! All right. **LET'S GO. LET'S GO!**



QUIET THANKS is offered by the Northwestern team in a short locker-room prayer just after coming in from the field. Sur-

rounded by his players, Coach Parseghian expresses gratitude not only for victory but for fact that nobody was seriously injured.

A PRAYER, A CHEER, A LOSER'S TEAR

When the game was over, the sounds of victory filled the locker room of Northwestern, the winner by a score of 30 to 24. After a short prayer of thanks led by head coach Ara Parseghian, the Northwestern team let down for the first time in days. Many were on the team which two years ago had lost nine games in a row. Now they had won five in a row and licked an old enemy in the bargain. They laughed and shouted and slapped backs in mutual congratulation.

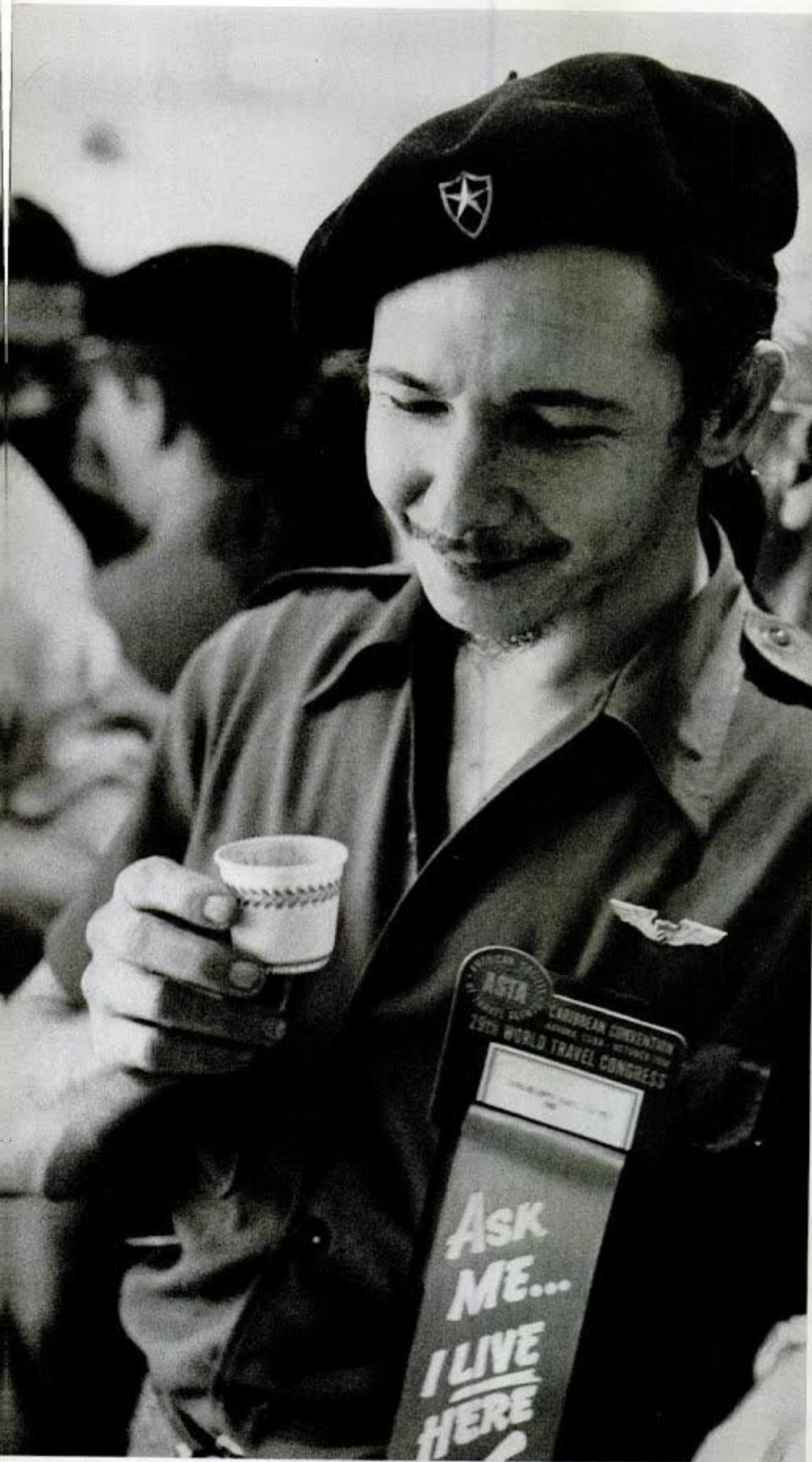
In the losers' dressing room hardly anyone at all talked. The showers pounded and hissed and the doors of the lockers clanged solemnly shut. One player who felt that he was personally responsible for the defeat sat on the bench and wept. The coaches tried to reassure him that it was not his fault and to stop worrying. Older and wiser, they knew that tomorrow the guilt would be forgotten, but not the fortitude he had found in the bitter depths of despair.



EXUBERANT LAUGH bursts from a Northwestern guard, Pete Arena, as a coach congratulates him on the way he played. The

win was especially sweet since Northwestern, undefeated so far this year, had not beaten Notre Dame in their last eight games.





RAUL GAGS IT UP with a badge at convention of the American Society of Travel Agents in Havana,

where he chased Yankee dollars, even though he, a left-winger, and his brother Fidel attack the U.S.



DEMONSTRATING FOR CASTRO, HAVANA CUBANS

CUBA GETS A

The same week that a smirking Raúl Castro attended a U.S. travel agents' convention in Havana to woo American tourist trade (left), his brother Fidel got Cubans out on the streets for anti-American demonstrations during an incredible sequence of violence and hysteria.

The rush of events began with Fidel's arrest of his once-trusted aide, Major Huberto Matos, who had protested Castro's tolerance of Communists. After the arrest an unidentified plane swooped low over Havana and dropped anti-Castro leaflets. Cuban anti-aircraft fire went in





CARRY BANNER CALLING FOR EXECUTION OF "TRAITORS," BY WHICH THEY MEAN ALL FOES OF FIDEL

TASTE OF CHAOS TO COME

all directions. In the confusion a Cuban plane was hit, two Cubans died, 47 were wounded.

Castro blamed it all on the U.S. and wildly claimed that the plane had bombed Havana and his people said it had also strafed. In an emotional three-and-a-half-hour TV harangue, Castro blasted the U.S. for aiding "counter-revolutionaries" and asked, "What difference is there between attacking Pearl Harbor by surprise and attacking Havana? We will reply by arming the peasants, the workers."

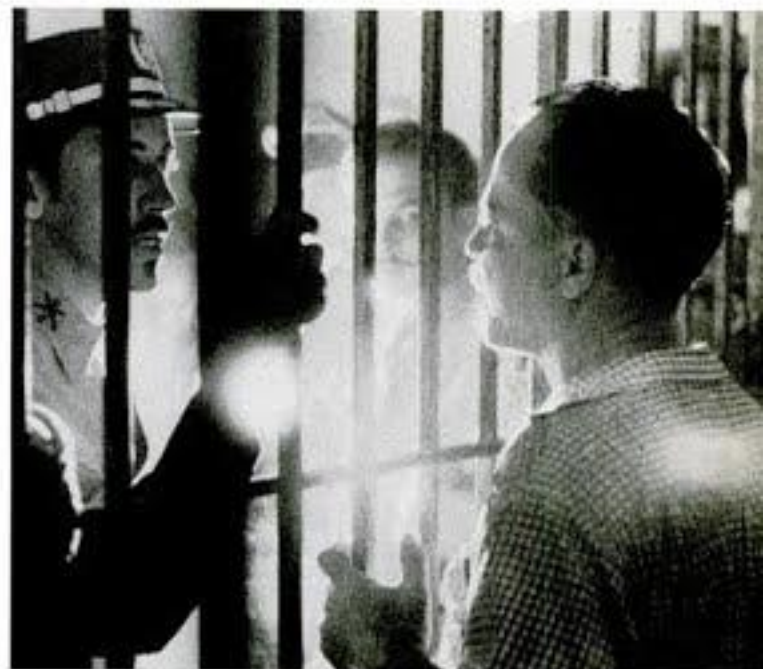
Inflamed by Fidel, excited Cubans roamed

Havana. They called for death for "traitors," staged an hour-long general strike and massed before the U.S. embassy. A rumor that a drunken upholsterer had tried to stab Castro made them even more rabid.

The Castro brothers started on a roundup of their real and fancied foes. They had good reason to be frightened. For the first time the silently gathering opposition had come out into the open on home ground. The contest between the leftist Castros and their Cuban enemies was bound to get more and more chaotic.



CASTRO VICTIM, Major Huberto Matos takes to the air for last time before Fidel had him locked up.



ACCUSED ASSASSIN, Roberto Salas (right), held on word of two excited boys, confronts his jailer.



← FIDEL'S THREAT to arm the peasants came during his talkathon on television in which he compared the leaflet dropping incident to the sinking of the *Maine*.

FIDEL'S EXHIBIT of armed peasants was put on the television camera. They were in Havana studio as Castro's guests for having captured Castro opponents.

LESSON OF THE MARSHALL ERA

A GREAT SOLDIER'S BLIND EYE TOWARD POLITICS NOW BECLOUDS THE U.S. PURPOSE

The late George Marshall quietly dominated an era which was already waning before his death but which has yet to write its lessons clearly on the American mind. It was an era in which American power reached an unprecedented peak, only to be frustrated by our own efficiency in the service of an unclear purpose. The purpose is still unclear.

Marshall was at the center of world decisions during his era, which lasted roughly from the day he became Chief of Staff in 1939 (the day Hitler invaded Poland) until the stalemate in Korea. He was, said Harry Truman, "the greatest of the great in our time"; said Henry L. Stimson, "the finest soldier I have ever known." He had one of the most capable minds and faultless characters America ever produced. But America's best, it seems, was not good enough for the historical demands of his era.

On that era Marshall first set his mark as what Churchill called "the American Carnot," organizer of the most powerful war machine in Western history. His administrative genius controlled and sped all phases of the great mobilization. Churchill marveled that the tiny U.S. Army of 1939, starved and despised for two decades, could suddenly produce such a wealth of command talent, "capable of handling enormous masses [of men and materials] and of moving them faster and farther than masses have ever been moved in war before." The marvel was possible because of the intense self-discipline in military science of a thin generation of dedicated professionals like George Marshall who, through their personal preparedness, made up for the lack of national preparedness they so rightly deplored.

In strategy, Marshall and most of his generation took their doctrine from von Clausewitz: concentrate superior strength against the main strength of the enemy. Thus Marshall was the right arm of Roosevelt's resolve to concentrate our effort against Germany first, Japan second; and his insistence on the soonest possible second front in Western Europe made D-day possible. But there is another doctrine of von Clausewitz: the definition of war as a servant of policy, or (more famously and coldly) "the continuation of policy by other means." This doctrine was alien to George Marshall. In the American tradition he looked to his civilian superiors for war's political objectives, but he distorted that tradition to oppose any military strategy that he could suspect of "political" motivation. Thus he opposed letting Eisenhower reach Berlin or Prague before the Russians because "I would be loath to hazard American lives for purely political purposes." He argued down all British schemes for "periphery pecking," most notably Churchill's attraction to the "soft underbelly" in the Balkans, an operation which might have forestalled the tragic postwar partition of Eastern and Western Europe.

Marshall's attempted separation of the political and military arts was artificial and self-defeating. For politics are inexpugnable from war as from peace, and Marshall's aseptic militarism soon generated an unintended politics of its own. The narrow purposes for which he insisted he had mustered our enormous power was "to win the war as quickly and economically as possible," but his very strategy of concentration and unity soon found the U.S. a neutral mediator between ally Britain and ally Russia, inevitably to the advantage of Russia's war aims. This strategy led to the unnecessary purchase (at Yalta) of Russia's five-day war in Manchuria that put Chinese Communism in business. It also abetted Roosevelt's greatest political mistake: the Casablanca policy of "unconditional surrender," and the corollary military decision for unrestricted area bombing.

These decisions were a deliberate forfeit of old moral and

legal inhibitions on our conduct of war. Dresden, leveled at Russian request for no good military reason, was one result of this policy; the A-bombing of Hiroshima, which Marshall advocated for its "shock value," was another. U.S. strategy in effect accepted technology as its master in place of politics. Marshall seemed to see it that way. Wrote he in his last report as Chief of Staff, "We can be certain that the next war, if there is one, will be even more total than this one."

In the Korean War, for which Marshall again remobilized the nation as Secretary of Defense, this prophecy proved wrong. But despite the conscientious study of alternatives in our war colleges, the dominant and official emphasis of U.S. strategic doctrine is still on total war. Our planners accept one great limitation—that the U.S. must accept the first blow, as at Pearl Harbor. After that, anything goes. The rupture between political aim and military doctrine remains complete. "The military, working within the crippling framework of a single inhibition, finds no other moral inhibition in its path and no banked channel of purpose: it pursues technology for its own sake" (Max Ways, *Beyond Survival*; Harper's).

As the Rockefeller Brothers Fund report has argued, this breach between our politics and our strategy is a greater danger to our safety today than any mere missile gap. The Marshall era made us all but omnipotent—for a while. Now we are only muscle-bound, our arms ill-suited to any but unlimited destruction, our foreign policy frustrated by this sinister fact. Clearly we need a new strategic doctrine of limited force proportional to limited and legitimate goals. Certainly the no-politics doctrine Marshall bequeathed us is now obsolete.

He served also as a diplomat and statesman. His mission to China in 1946 was a tragedy of American self-education in the nature of Communism and the importance of Asia. (Like so many historical tragedies this one repeated itself as farce in Joe McCarthy's crazed charge that George Marshall was a traitor.) Marshall himself was probably wiser about Communism at the end of his mission than at the beginning, but not enough wiser to take sides in China. The Cold War began that year; Europe was again in danger; and Marshall, as Secretary of State, launched the great plan that won him the Nobel Peace Prize.

The Marshall Plan was a generous transfusion of dollars into a society that knew how to use them. Like Marshall's armies, the dollars were rather too sterilized of legitimate U.S. political goals, such as European unity. But, like the armies, they succeeded in their narrower task—so well that "the dollar gap" has now reversed itself and U.S. exports, once omnipotent, are now under healthy competitive pressure. But this very success means that the habit of U.S. foreign aid, like the habit of total-war planning, is overdue for drastic reappraisal. The Marshall Plan is an irrelevant model for the great task that now confronts us, the development of backward countries, which is not primarily a dollar problem. It is political-economic.

George Marshall's rocklike integrity and self-effacing patriotism enabled him to transcend and so dominate the politics of his era. But that era is dead and the new one requires a new kind of leadership. It needs a morality of public purpose as well as of private character.

The need for this new public purpose is felt on all sides, it is almost a cliché. Its dimensions are moral, political, military, economic; and these dimensions are not separable. President Eisenhower understood their connection even when he was a great practicing general. His last year in office would be his greatest if it could yield a clarification of this purpose, and of the interrelated doctrines that can make it succeed.

GOOD THINGS
BEGIN TO
HAPPEN...



when...



... busy-night suppers are soup suppers

Somebody going someplace? Good things begin to happen when you plan a quick, easy supper around good, hot, hearty soup.

Speed happens! Ready in 4 minutes for the early birds who take off to Scouts. You can open another can of soup for the head of the house who's eating late. With a big nourishing bowl as the main hot dish, even a hurry-up supper is a wonderful meal. You'll know your family is going places well fed, well satisfied.

For there's something about soup — the good way it smells, the good way it feels, the good way it tastes, the good and nourishing things it does for you — that just seems to make folks feel good all over.

Take Campbell's Minestrone with its generous helping of garden vegetables, tender spaghettini, its zip of cheese. There's a soup 'most everybody likes that's almost a meal in itself.

Add something simple — cold cuts, good bread, a basket of eat-in-the-hand fresh fruit — and you've pleased the family.

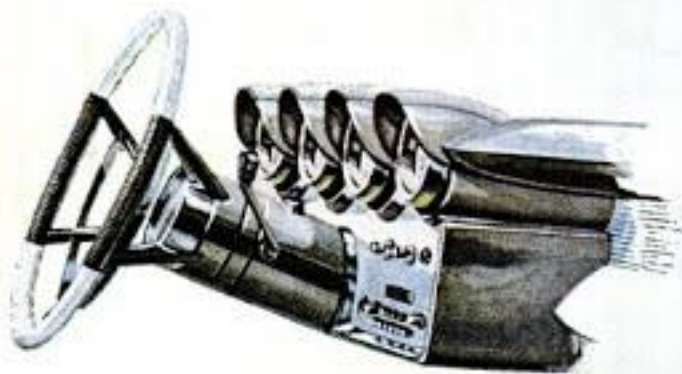
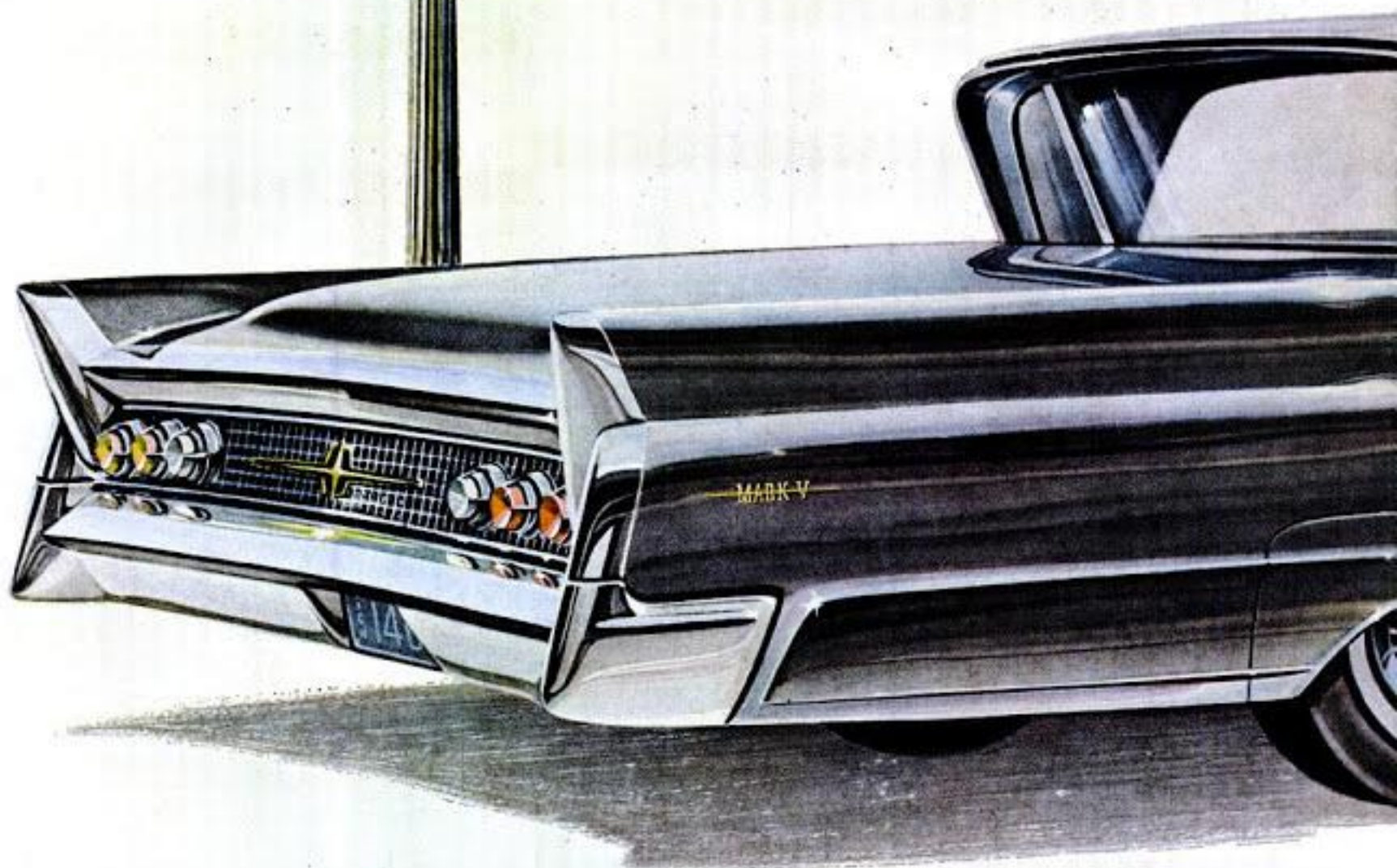
Yes, good things can happen any time when you have plenty of Campbell's Soup on the shelf. Good meals. Good appetites. Good dispositions. Good nutrition. Good things you want for your family every single day.

Say! Have you had your soup today?

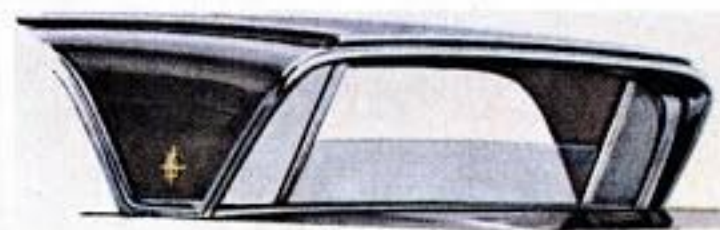


Once a day...every day...enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

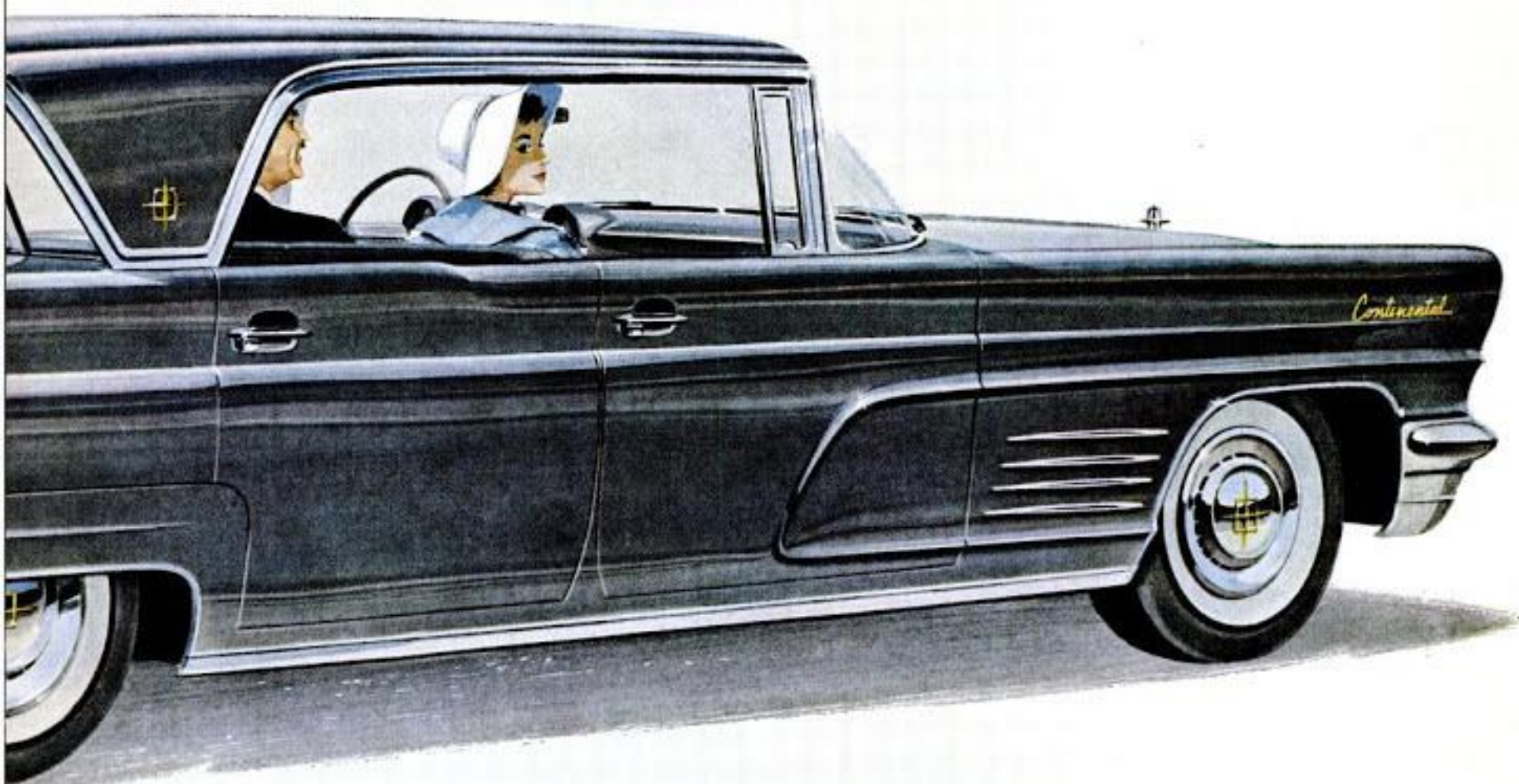
PRESENTING:



The Lincoln Continental is famous for exceptional motoring conveniences. Two examples here: the exclusive rear window which raises or lowers at the touch of a button, and the superbly-designed new instrument panel with its beautifully functional bank of eye-level dials.



THE *Lincoln Continental*
A NEW PEAK OF PERFECTION IN
AMERICA'S FINEST MOTORCAR



When you enter a Lincoln Continental, you quickly realize why it usually is considered a cut above any other car in America. The timeless distinction of its classic design; the rich materials that go into its appointments; the thorough, painstaking care with which it is built—these are some of the reasons for

Lincoln Continental's distinguished reputation. A reputation which the magnificent new Mark V is certain to make even stronger. Inspect this most luxurious of the famous Lincoln Continentals soon. Ownership of this automobile is a supremely satisfying experience.
LINCOLN CONTINENTAL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Lincoln Continental for 1960



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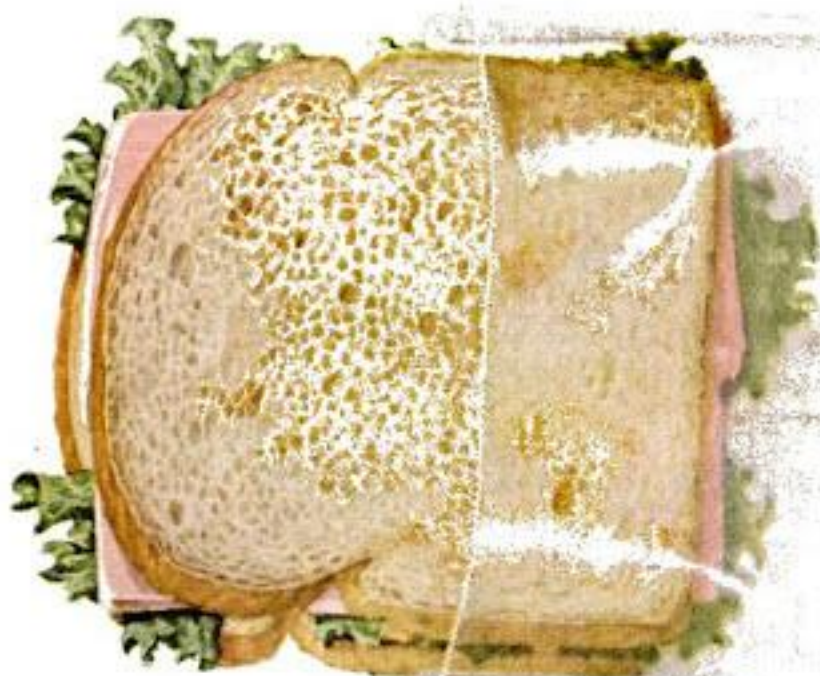
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THE VERNIGHT SENSATION THAT
**KEEPS TODAY'S FOODS
FRESH TOMORROW**

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WAXTEX comes in the
roll that can't fall out
of the box, and

—the same fine WAXTEX
comes in handy
sandwich bags, too!



WAXTEX
sandwich bags

Northern.



Another fine product of American Can Company



AN EERIE SIGHT, THE MOONLIT VERMONT BARN WHERE ORVILLE GIBSON WAS LAST SEEN IN 1957 HAS TORTURED PEOPLE OF NEWBURY, VT. EVER SINCE

A FARM TOWN'S HAUNTING SENSE OF GUILT

Trial and verdict keep Vermonters wondering who among them is a murderer



VICTIM'S WIDOW, Evalyn Gibson tearfully looks at old newspaper picture of herself and husband. Childless, they lived a secluded life on their prosperous 408-acre farm in the village of Newbury.

For nearly two years the sight of the brooding farm above only reminded the people of Newbury, Vt. that they were living with a murder.

The crime occurred in 1957 on the day before New Year's. A riverside farmer, 48-year-old Orville A. Gibson, had gone to his barn to milk his 90 Holsteins. His wife Evalyn (*left*) watched him go out into the pre-dawn darkness. He never returned. Three months later his body was found trussed with rope floating in the nearby Connecticut River.

Long before the discovery of the body police had good reason to suspect Farmer Gibson had been murdered. On Christmas Day before his disappearance Gibson had incensed the town by severely beating his frail hired hand for spilling two cans of milk. But community resentment of Gibson turned to community guilt after the apparent lynching was revealed.

Tight-lipped from long habit, the 391 villagers became more silent as the police raked the hillsides for evidence. Then all of Newbury was shocked when the popular school janitor, Robert Welch (*right*), and Frank Carpenter were arrested and brought to trial for murder.

CHARGED WITH MURDER, Ozzie Welch burns trash at Newbury school where he works as janitor. He got out on \$40,000 bail and under Vermont law was allowed to go home each day during his trial.



CONTINUED

NEW!

Squeeze Bottle for Gentle Murine



Discover this neat new way to soothe your eyes ...and so relax tension

Murine's new squeeze bottle instantly dispenses one soothing drop at a time. Can't spill, leak or break.

Gentle Murine is an aid to your eyes' own natural moisture. It's the safe way to float away discomforts of smoke, dirt, wind or glare. Soothes and refreshes your eyes, and so relaxes tension.

Use comforting Murine morning and night—and any time your eyes feel tired. Get Murine—now more convenient than ever in the new squeeze bottle.



MURINE IS ALSO STILL AVAILABLE IN FAMILIAR GLASS BOTTLE WITH SEPARATE DROPPER.

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. ©Trademarks reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



FIGURES IN THE CASE: At left, Orville and Evalyn Gibson posed for snapshot in their farm home four months before the murder. Center, in the courthouse, Special Attorney for the State Harvey Otterman Jr. (left) and Vermont Attorney General Frederick Reed examine prosecution exhibits—the Gibson



JURY WALKS UNDER GUARD TO LUNCH AT UNITED CHURCH OF CHELSEA.

AT TRIAL, SLIM EVIDENCE AND SPEEDY ACQUITTAL

The evidence the state collected to pin the crime on Welch and Carpenter was thin and circumstantial. They were thought to have attended a drinking party on the night before Gibson's disappearance. When Welch was asked by police to identify the rope he reportedly exclaimed, "By God, fellows, that's my rope!" A doctor, the state's star witness, claimed he drove by the Gibson place on the morning of the crime and saw Ozzie Welch in the back seat of a parked car.

The police could much more conclusively prove that Gibson had made many enemies by beating up his hired man. There was talk around town of "giving Gibson some of his own medicine." Once Mrs. Gibson received a phone call warning her that if her husband came into town "we'll do him up." This suggested that many townspeople might have been involved in a lynching party.

At the trial in nearby Chelsea, which began on Oct. 12, Ozzie Welch nervously chewed gum and scribbled notes. He never took the stand in his defense. His attorney asked for and got a directed verdict of not guilty. The case against Carpenter was dismissed. But this did not close the Gibson case for the distraught people of Newbury.



family milk can, on which he may have fallen in barn, and the rope which bound Gibson's hands behind his knees when he was thrown into the Connecticut River. At right are hired man Eri Martin, whom Gibson beat up after he had spilled milk cans, and two of his four children, Beverly, 9, and Deborah, 5.



ONLY RESTAURANT IN TOWN WENT OUT OF BUSINESS WEEK BEFORE TRIAL



CHEERING VERDICT, Defense Attorney Henry Black raises hand of Welch while Welch's wife Myrle smiles in relief. The trial ended after three days of testimony. The judge ruled that testimony was "open to conjecture" and noted that townspeople had confronted police with "solid wall of inconsistency."

CONTINUED

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more complete relief
from

NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE



Better than aspirin or
aspirin with buffering



How
Tension
Headaches
Start

Most headaches are caused by tension that tightens muscles in back of neck and scalp. This tension presses on nerves and causes headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure — makes your headache worse. To break up a tension headache and obtain fast, more complete relief — you should try the special medication in Anacin, not obtainable in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension

• releases pressure • relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the *extra* medication in Anacin. So why take mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering which contains *only one* pain reliever and has *no* special medication to relax your tension? Anacin contains a *number* of medically approved ingredients. Three out of four doctors recommend the ingredients in Anacin for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a better TOTAL effect—more complete pain relief because they contain special medication which not only relieves pain fast but also relaxes tension and releases pressure on nerves. Safer, too. Anacin has a smoother action and does not upset the stomach. Change to Anacin *today!*

3 out of 4 doctors
recommend
the ingredients in.....





**Now! the slimming
power of latex in a
girdle that
feels like cotton!**



NEW CHARMODE ZIPPER FIGURE CONTROLLER

The Charmode Figure Controller now has an all-new soft, soft cotton lining. It is really absorbent...doesn't irritate...gives new cool comfort all year round. Such comfort to wear...and such a comfort to know you look your prettiest in all the latest fashions. Special "fingers" in the front control panel gently work to give a neater, natural-looking figure. New all-fabric garters are easy to adjust...guaranteed to last the life of the girdle. See it in the new Dreamy White shade at your Sears Retail Store. Order also from the Sears Catalog Sales Office or your Sears Catalog by mail or phone. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.



Style #957 girdle (#955 panty).
Sizes extra small, small, medium or large. **10.49.**
Style #958 girdle: Extra large size. **10.95.**
Style #957 girdle (#935 panty), similar to above but
without zipper. Sizes extra small, small, medium or large. **8.49.**
Style #938 girdle: Extra large size. **8.95.**

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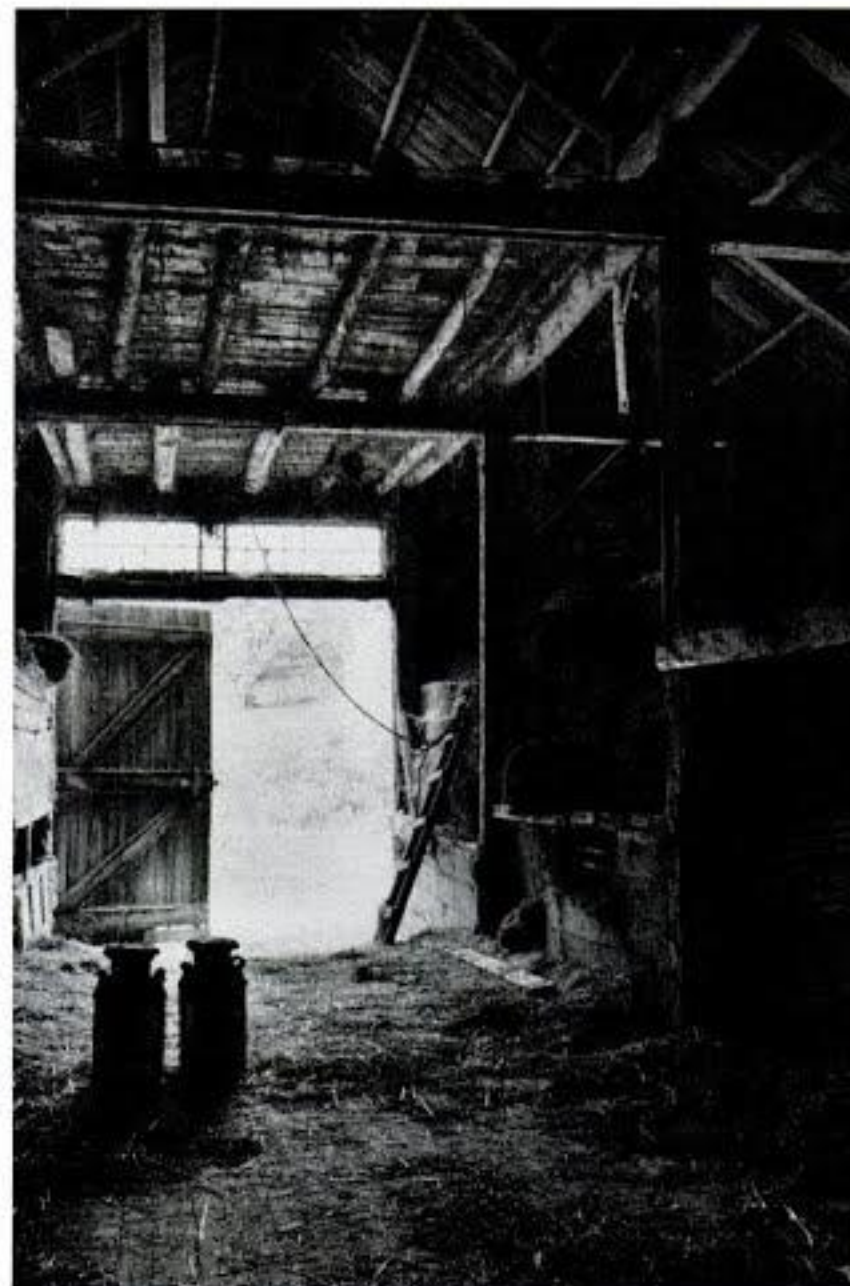
VERMONT MURDER CONTINUED

TOWN REGRET, RESENTMENT AND RESIDUE OF DOUBT

The acquittal of Ozzie Welch was a popular verdict in Newbury but the trial and the pre-trial investigation left the town scarred with suspicion and bitterness. Some of the townspeople said they wished Ozzie had taken the stand and "explained about the rope." Others were angry with the police for failing to make an arrest that would stick, and everybody was stung by an editorial in a Boston newspaper that said, "A lynching is a lynching whether it happens in Vermont or Mississippi. . . . The killing is being referred to as the 'community murder.' [The judge] has taken one man off the hook, but the town remains on."

Equally upsetting to the once-placid way of life in Newbury was the long, persistent investigation that preceded the trial. Police went from farmhouse to farmhouse throughout the area questioning residents. They took 84 people to Montpelier or Concord, N.H. for lie detector tests. Villagers became distrustful of one another and cautious about what they said over the telephone. One man demanded he be given a lie detector test "because I don't want people to be suspicious any more." It was claimed that some of the investigating officers hinted at marital infidelities in hopes of stirring things up and getting someone to make a confession. "They're trying to make a regular Peyton Place out of us," complained the town clerk.

After the abrupt trial, the people of Newbury wanted to think that the death of Orville Gibson was really an accident. "It's a terrible thing to kill a man for thumpin' someone," a farmer said. "I think they just wanted to rough him up." The townspeople are convinced that only a few were actually involved in the crime. But they are nagged by the thought they may never know who among them acted on the community wish to take revenge on Orville Gibson.



TORMENTING SPOT for Newbury is interior of Gibson's barn, with its milk cans and the open doors through which he was probably dragged to death.

THE 'LOVE-PAT' LOOK...BY REVLON



Face your world beautifully... even on a moment's notice! Because 'Love-Pat' is complete make-up — not just pressed powder. No other make-up gives you this exact blend of foundation plus powder. There's no fussing with extra base, and Revlon color won't cake, streak or turn orange-y!





THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE A
NEW CAR TO BRING FAMILIES

Never has a new car been such a rewarding investment—in pleasure, comfort and safety for all the family—as it is today. That's true of any make you might buy, though we hope you'll favor one of our fine new General Motors cars for 1960.



What a homecoming!—in a new 1960 Buick Invisia Two-Door Hardtop.

Getting together again is even more exciting when you get there in a new car. The driving is as much fun as the arriving. You almost wish the trip were a little longer—more time to enjoy that pleasant new-car sensation—more time to appreciate the many practical values that only a new car can provide.

It seems to us that all new cars are better, although, naturally, we're partial to the 1960 General Motors cars.

The five new GM cars, each with new distinctive styling, are handsomer. Their sleek, strong Bodies by Fisher are roomy and give a safe, undistorted view through Safety

Plate Glass in every window. Advanced GM suspension systems put new stability in your ride—softer seat cushions put new comfort in your ride. And improved brakes put new safety in your ride.

These and many other significant improvements are the result of the never-ending efforts of our designers, engineers, and quality-control people to make General Motors cars more exciting, satisfying and pleasing for you.

Nothing you can buy with the money will return so much to you over such a long time as a new car. Why not see your GM dealer and check the facts and figures?

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MOTORS**

GO GM FOR '60

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC
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All with Body by Fisher

AND FRIENDS TOGETHER



Copy, 1989 by Snider Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

Have you tried the catsup with the one extra spice?

Grandma Snider used to cook up small batches of Snider's catsup in her aroma-filled country kitchen. She'd simmer fat tomatoes in her copper kettle. When the thick red broth had cooled she strained it carefully through fine cheesecloth.

Then she put in precise pinches of onion and garlic, dark cloves, crisp celery bits and pimento berry spice. She laced this work of art lightly with apple cider vinegar and sweet syrup. Now she added one extra spice: A whisper of Capsicum, the red and yellow chili pepper with the bright skin.

We follow Grandma's recipe with a strict conscience today. Sometimes we think we make Snider's too carefully when you tell us your grocer runs out of it too fast. But we won't change the recipe or hurry the cooking. You wouldn't want us to. Neither would Grandma.

Snider's
the chili pepper catsup

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DIVIDENDS FROM DISASTER

Tragic earthquake blast turns Yellowstone's pools and geysers topsy-turvy

The plumes of steam (*above*) spewing straight up from the hot springs at Clepsydra geyser in Yellowstone National Park are the spectacular dividends of a great natural disaster. Last Aug. 17 an earthquake shook up the land in the park (*LIFE*, Aug. 31). Along with its sad total of 28 dead or missing, the quake left behind some startling changes (*see following pages*) in Yellowstone's scenic network of streams, hot springs and minor geysers. Well-known hot springs have turned distressingly cold. Geysers like Clepsydra (Greek for water clock), which once hissed

quietly to themselves, have begun to let off steam with a vengeance. Turquoise Spring, long a beautiful landmark, is now a dried-up mudhole. And outside Yellowstone, over the border in Montana, there is now a brand-new land-made lake. Park officials are busy building new trails and walks so that next summer's expected 1.5 million tourists will be able to visit the new wonders. Along with them they will find that Yellowstone's most famous landmark, the geyser Old Faithful, unscathed by the earthquake, is in business as usual—blasting off regularly every 64 minutes.

DISASTER DIVIDENDS

CONTINUED



BIG BLOW-OFF at Sapphire Pool also was result of earthquake. The shock transformed a little pool that customarily sent up a six-foot-high column into one of the biggest geysers in the park which shoots up a 200-foot-high spout.

NEW "PAINT POTS," hot, multihued cauldrons formed by subterranean steam blasting up through pink and yellow clay, have increased the area of famous Fountain Paint Pot (background). It is now a third larger than before.



**CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
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GMC TRUCKS**

all **START WITH**

DELCO DC-12
DRY CHARGE

Delco DC-12 batteries are tailor-made to meet the individual electrical requirements of all General Motors cars and trucks as specified by GM engineers.

DELCO BATTERIES are quality built by Delco-Remy—distributed nationally through



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Whatever you drive, there's a DELCO DC made to meet the electrical requirements of your car. Why settle for anything less than 100% FRESH dry charge power? It's the most!*

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Jewels by **TRIFARI®**



VERSAILLES ...
 Touch-of-splendour
 jewels for your most
 brilliant evenings.
 Necklace, 20.00
 Bracelet, 15.00
 Earrings, 7.50
 prices plus tax

DISASTER DIVIDENDS CONTINUED



LAKE WAS FORMED in August when a vast landslide fell from mountain at left during the quake, completely blocking path of the Madison River.

THE 'QUAKE LAKE'

When the earthquake sent 43 million cubic yards of rock and earth cascading into the Madison River valley, water began to back up behind the 300-foot-high barrier (*above*). Soon the land-made dam was holding back a five-mile-long lake, called "Quake Lake." Engineers at first thought the dam would wash away. They cut and reinforced a 250-foot-wide spillway (*below*) to ease the pressure. Now they believe the 3,600-foot-long dam, which would have cost \$50 million to build by hand, is not only a solid but a permanent part of Montana's landscape.



NEW DAM has now been cut by spillway to relieve pressure. Network of roads on the surface of dam were made by engineers working on the spillway.



The Temptation of Beautyrest

Another story about the kind of comfort that's kind to your back

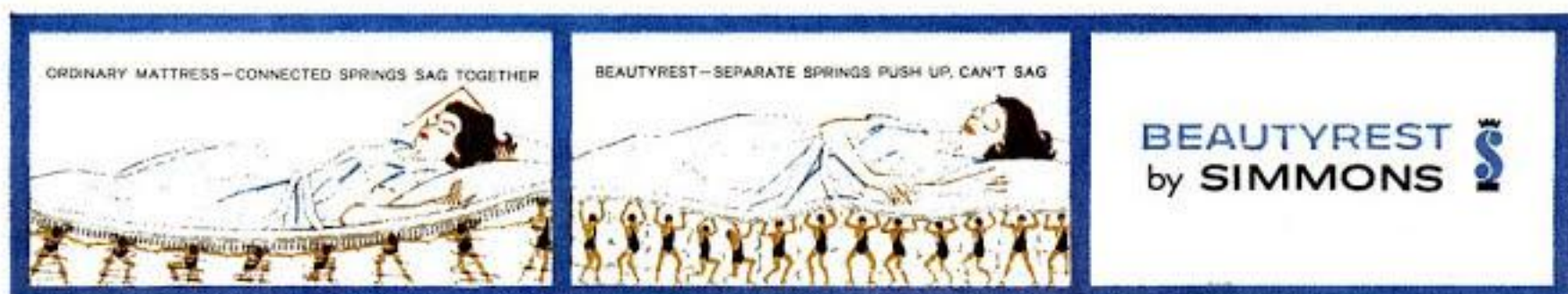
Another day, another dollar—and tonight THE BALL. When you've been typing your fingers to the bone and bending over filing cabinets and listening to the boss rant and rave . . . what's a frazzled gal to do if she hasn't got a Beautyrest to fall back on for renewing rest. Mother was right. Heaven and Beautyrest protect the working girl.

This is the only mattress with separate back-supporting springs that push up-up-up in the small of your back. In other mattresses, the curve of your back gets very little support. And here's another reason why more

people sleep on Beautyrest than on any other mattress in the world.

Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Because each spring is separate, the heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. No rolling together. Beautyrest will never, never sag.

All this—and the best costs the least! Endurance test after endurance test has proven Beautyrest lasts 3 times as long as the next best mattress. So Beautyrest at \$79.50 is the least expensive mattress you can own. Don't bargain with your rest. Insist on Beautyrest!



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BEAUTYREST
by **SIMMONS**



WHY YOUR SELF-SERVICE MARKET IS A GOOD PLACE TO BUY MEAT

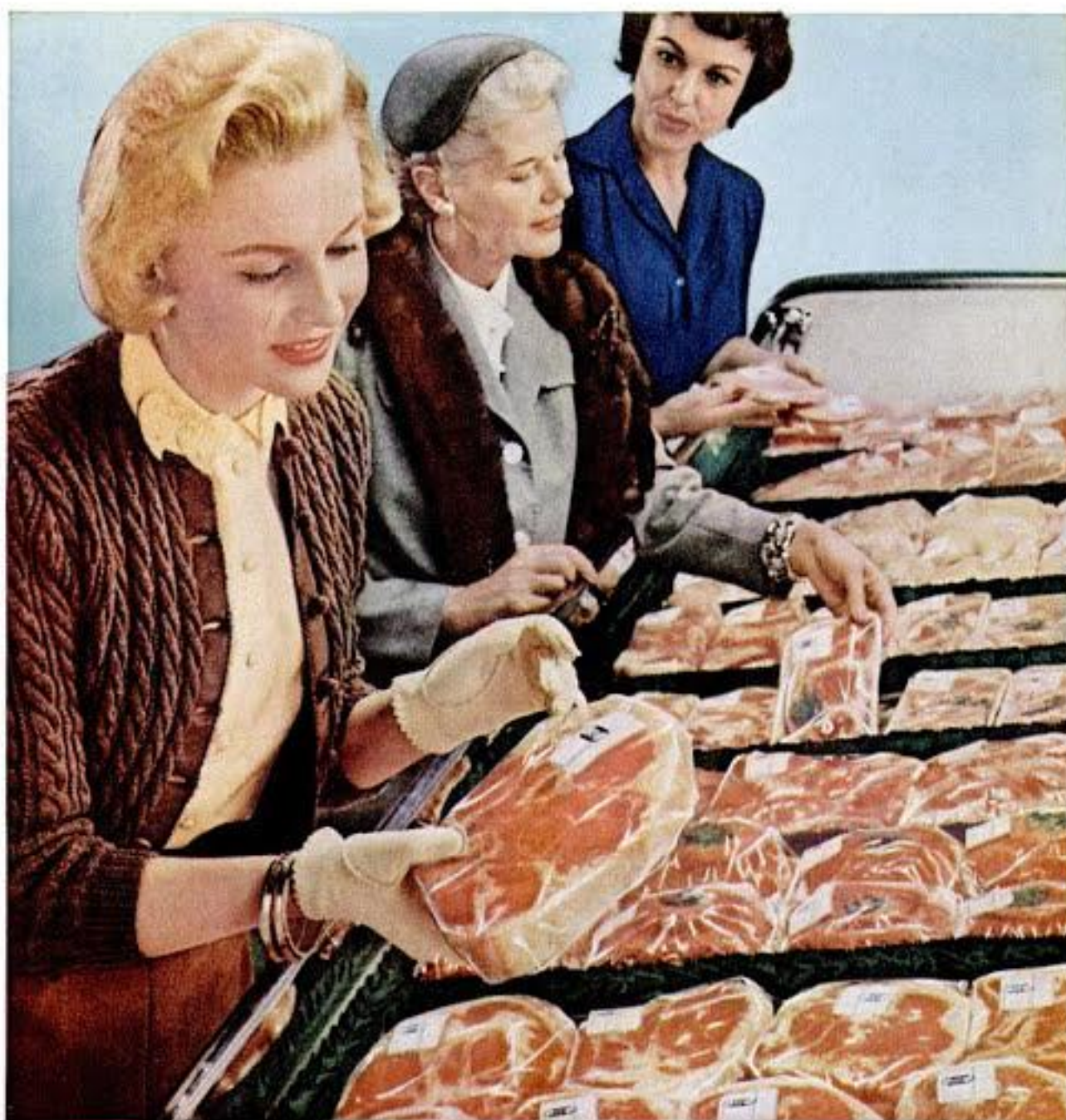
(and other foods, too)

Because self-service meats are fresh. Your self-service market buys tender, fresh meat—and expert butchers make sure it *stays* fresh by wrapping it in special Du Pont cellophanes.

Because you can see what you're getting. The wide selection of meat in a self-service market means you can select exactly the cut you want. Here again, cellophane helps. It lets you see just what you're getting . . . and the price and weight are clearly marked on the cellophane package.

Because you can do your shopping fast. At the self-service meat display, you step right up, choose the meat you want—and you're on your way. The meat is already trimmed, weighed and packaged in a special cellophane that keeps it clean and fresh.

Actually, your self-service market is a good place to shop for *all* your needs. The pictures and captions tell you why.



MEAT NEEDS AIR. To keep its rich, bright color, fresh meat needs oxygen. The special Du Pont cellophane used

to package fresh meats lets air through . . . seals out moisture and dirt so meat *stays* fresh and appetizing.



FRUITS AND VEGETABLES—"FRESH 'N CLEAN". Already washed and trimmed, prepackaged produce saves kitchen time. And special Du Pont cellophanes protect your produce from dirt, dust—and other shoppers' hands.



BREAD—A WIDE CHOICE. White? Rye? Raisin? You'll find almost all your nutritious favorites at the self-service market. *Special* Du Pont cellophanes seal in the oven-fresh flavor of bread . . . of cakes and rolls, too.



CANDY—A FLAVORFUL TREAT. Candy is a real quick-energy food . . . nutritious for young and old alike. And the candies you buy taste as good as they look . . . when they're flavor-sealed in Du Pont cellophane.



SELF-SERVICE means variety plus convenience. Take delicious cookies, crisp potato chips and snacks, for example. Your self-service market has enough different kinds

to meet all your buying needs. And you'll find that many of the best of these and other good foods are packaged in cellophane—so you can see what you buy.

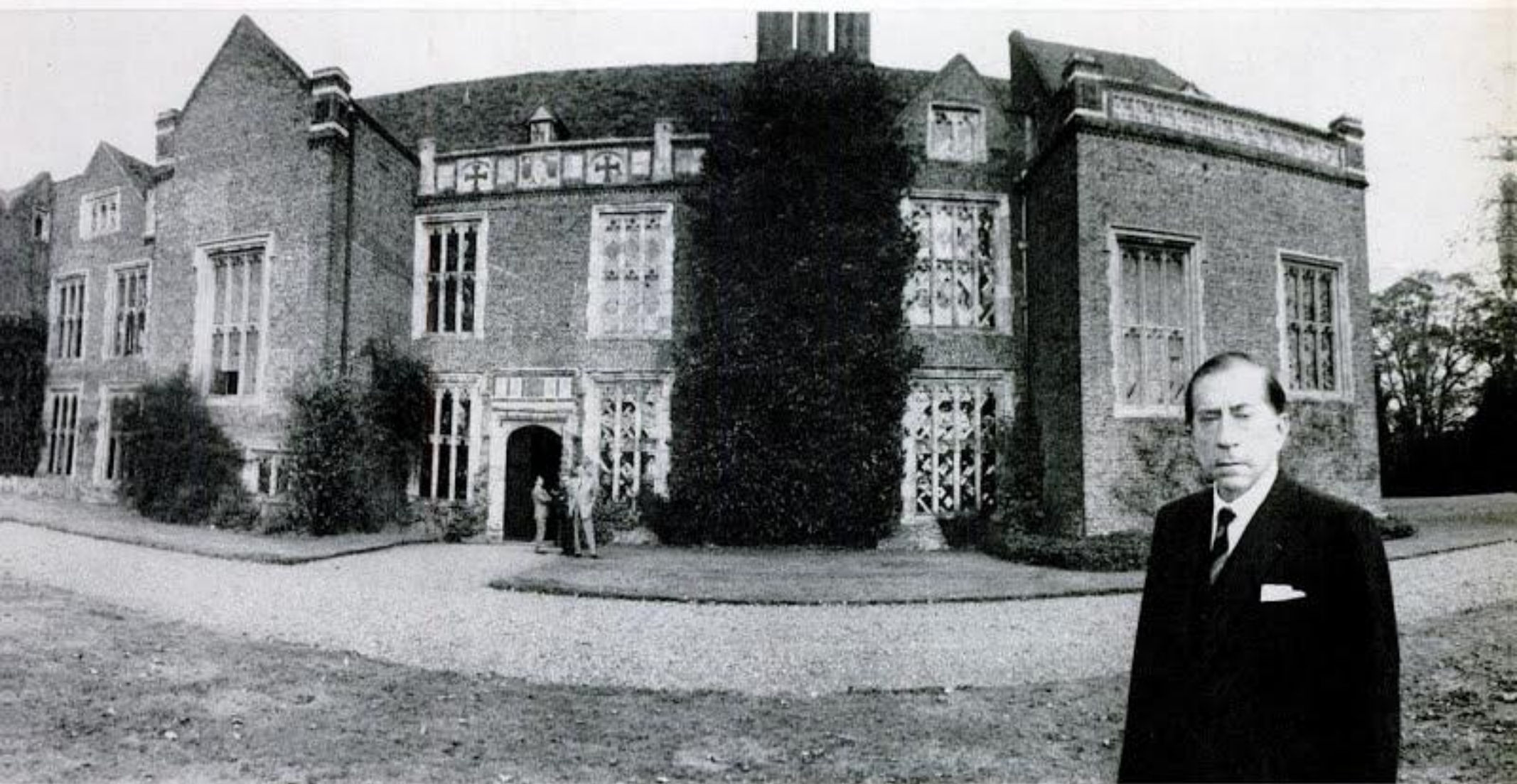
DU PONT
cellophane

. . . the package that
lets you see what you buy!



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY
Watch "Du Pont Show of the Month" on CBS-TV

A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



GETTY THRIFT IN GRAND MANOR

Jean Paul Getty, whose wealth from oil and real estate is estimated at over a billion dollars, nonetheless felt he had to save on his hotel bills in England. He decided he could do so by buying the Duke of Sutherland's 400-year-old, 34-bedroom manor house—reportedly priced at more than a million dollars. But those who know Getty thought he might make a nice profit by turning part of the estate into a real-estate development.

GENTLEST BULL SINCE 'FERDINAND'

In England, a gentle-faced bull named Brook Mandore reminded the Ministry of Agriculture too much of Ferdinand, the bucolic bull who refused to fight the matador. Claiming Brook's pacific mien would soften the Ayrshire strain, the ministry condemned him to slaughter or castration. Put on TV, Brook affectionately licked the camera and was bought by a London newspaper to be put, like Ferdinand, peacefully out to pasture.



CONTINUED

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New 1960 **L&M** brings you **taste...**
More taste



more taste... by far...yet low in tar

More
taste
by
far

New, free-flowing
Miracle Tip unlocks
natural tobacco flavor!

That's why **LM** can blend fine
tobaccos not to suit a filter—
but to suit your taste!

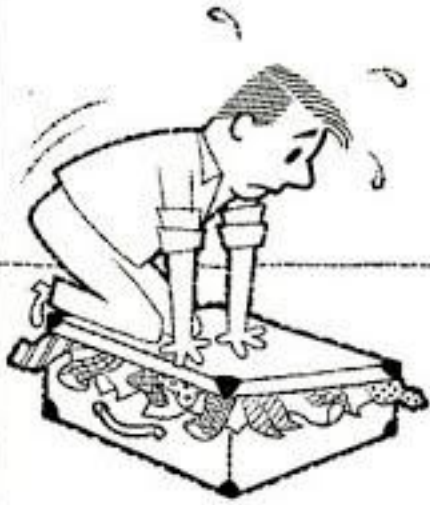
Only the 1960 LM—

- FREES UP FLAVOR other filters squeeze in!
- CHECKS TARS without choking taste!
- GIVES YOU the *full*, rich, exciting flavor of the world's finest, naturally mild tobaccos!



More taste
by far
yet low in tar...

and they said "IT COULDN'T BE DONE!"



LUGGAGE



luggage, florists, washing machines
costumes, contractors, sewing machines

whatever you need—

Find It Fast
In The
Yellow Pages



Advertisers displaying this emblem
make your shopping easy.



PRESIDENTS PAST, PRESENT AND POTENTIAL

Presidential hopeful Lyndon Johnson (*top center*) surrounded himself with presidents present and past at a barbecue he threw at his Texas ranch. Mexico's

President Adolfo López Mateos (*bottom center*) ended his U.S. tour there, and Harry Truman turned up and might turn out to be a Johnson backer.



WORRIED VAN DOREN

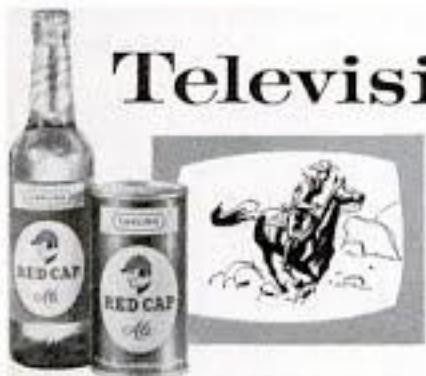
As TV quiz revelations continued for the third week, a harried-looking Charles Van Doren emerged from the New York district attorney's office where he had "corrected" statements he made a year ago. Van Doren is to tell all in Washington early next week.

VICTIMS OF A FRAME-UP

Expelled by the Russians, the U.S. Moscow embassy's security officer Russell Langelle and his family arrived in New York. Communists kidnaped him, claimed he was a U.S. spy and tried bribery to get him to spy for Russia. Langelle refused, was thrown out.

RED CARLING CAP ALE

A most unusual ale!



Television is much more fun with glasses...

Glasses of hearty, robust Red Cap Ale, that is. Before you relax for an evening of viewing pleasure, make sure there's plenty of crisp, sparkling Red Cap on hand. Channel *your* thirst to the enjoyment of *real* ale!

The Best Brews in the World come from Carling • RED CAP ALE • BLACK LABEL BEER

© 1969, The Carling Brewing Co., Cleveland, Ohio—Atlanta, Ga.—Baltimore, Md.—Frankenmuth, Mich.—Hartford, Conn.—Tampa, Fla.



NEW 1960 RAMBLER CUSTOM CROSS COUNTRY—America's biggest selling compact station wagon now even smarter, thriftier, easier to park. Six or Rebel V-8.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER

The New Standard of Basic Excellence..

NEW 1960 RAMBLER CUSTOM FOUR-DOOR SEDAN offers big room for six 6-footers in a car that's even easier to turn, park and garage. Six or Rebel V-8 for balanced performance, economy.



Ahead by 10 years and 25 billion owner-driven miles

A new motoring concept is at your Rambler dealer's today—the new standard of basic excellence. Come discover what it means to you.

Come see America's most advanced Compact* cars—proved by 10 years and 25 billion happy owner miles. See styling that is entirely new and classically Rambler in its fresh, clean design. See completely new models no American car has offered before. See brand-new features—new improvements for 1960.

See the new cars with better balance: fine performance balanced with top economy . . . big car room balanced with small car handling . . . high quality balanced with low price.

Try exclusive Personalized Comfort—separate front seats that glide back and forth individually . . . reclining seatbacks . . . adjustable headrests.

Visit your Rambler dealer. See and drive the new Rambler—discover the new standard of basic excellence.

**ONLY RAMBLER
GIVES YOU THE
BEST OF BOTH:**



Big car room and comfort

Small car economy and handling ease

Copyrighted material



At top right is the brilliant new Rambler Custom Four-Door Sedan for '60.



3 WIDE SEATS, 5 BIG DOORS—Lots of room for the biggest families. The tailgate is a fifth-door with positive outside key lock, so children can't open from inside. Rear passengers step in easily without having to scramble over tailgate or seats. Easier to load, too.



EASY TO ENTER. Rambler's high, wide doors let you *step* in, not *stoop* in. Interior is completely new for 1960—stunning new fabrics, colors. The new instrument panel is beautiful, too, and provides greater safety . . . easy-to-see dials and easy-to-reach controls.

OF COMPACT CARS ANNOUNCES NEW RAMBLER FOR '60

NEW 1960 AMBASSADOR V-8 BY RAMBLER—the compact luxury car in the medium price field offers new improved fuel economy on regular gasoline.





By popular demand A BRAND-NEW RAMBLER AMERICAN 4-DOOR SEDAN FOR 1960. The family sedan thousands of motorists asked for.

AMERICA'S MOST
IMITATED CAR:

COMPACT



Airliner Reclining Seats make a "nap couch" to rest children or tired adults.



Personalized Comfort! Front seats glide back and forth individually. New headrests, too!

NEW 1960 RAMBLER COUNTRY CLUB HARDTOP.



The New Standard of Basic Excellence
Brings You Balanced Value Through and Through



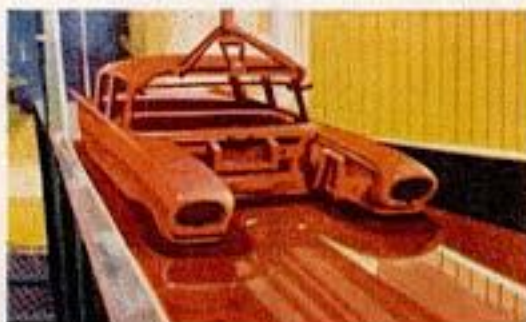
Airplane-Type Single Unit Construction*, rattleproof, lasts longer.



Most Miles Per Gallon Awards and trophies! Other cars "talk" economy, Rambler proves it.



Easier Handling. Rambler makes U-turns up to 5 feet smaller than most cars.



Deep-Dip* rustproofing resists rust better, longer. Another Rambler "First" that means higher resale.

*Trademark American Motors

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

A new Rambler American Four-Door Sedan

Add four-door convenience to America's official economy champ and you've got the brand-new 1960 Rambler American four-door sedan. It's the happiest combination of glamor and thrift on the road... a roomy family sedan with easy entrance and comfortable headroom. Available with power steering, fully automatic transmission.

Get behind the wheel and discover the perfect balance of features that makes the 1960 Rambler the new standard of basic excellence. See why Rambler is the most imitated car in America. See the world's most complete line of compact cars—two and four-door sedans; two and four-door station wagons; glamorous hardtops and three-seat station wagons—at your Rambler dealer.



**YOUR
RAMBLER
DOLLAR IS
A BIGGER
DOLLAR**



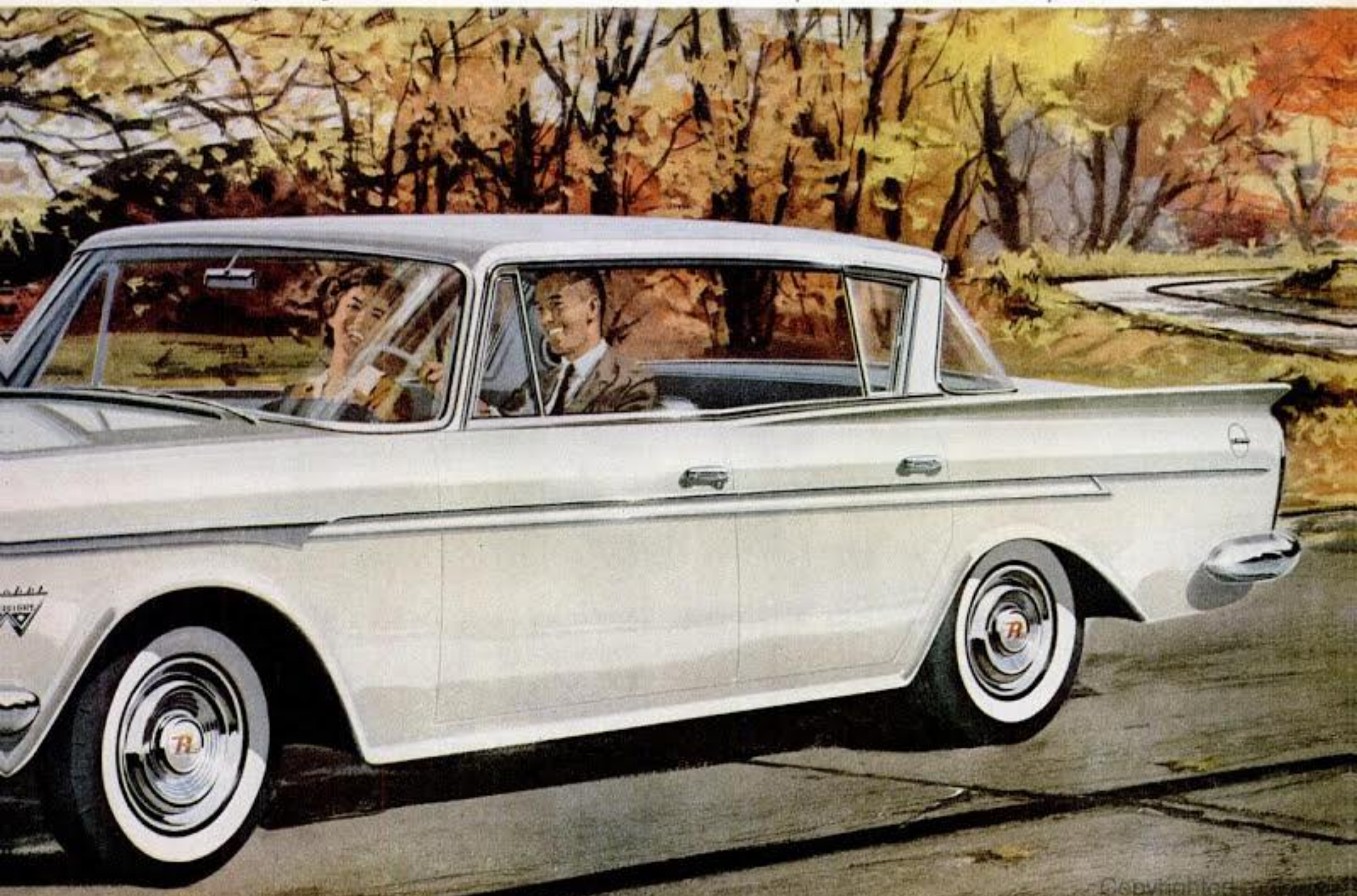
NEW 1960 RAMBLER AMERICAN STATION WAGON. Most popular compact 2-door Wagon.



ECONOMY KING. Rambler American 2-door Sedan most M.P.G. in '59 Mobilgas Run.

RAMBLER FOR '60

Never before such visibility—more glass area all-round in the smart new Rambler Four-Door Hardtop. Available with Six or Rebel V-8 power.



Creslan acrylic fiber...born of a magic molecule



The Magic Molecule goes outdoors

Coat by March & Mendi Shell: 70% Creslan acrylic fiber, 30% cotton
Lining: 100% Creslan acrylic fiber pile

Coat by Bambury 60% wool, 40% Creslan acrylic fiber



Underwear by Allen-A 50% Creslan acrylic fiber, 50% cotton

Dress by Marjorie Montgomery 75% Creslan acrylic fiber, 25% wool

Shirt by Manhattan 100% Creslan acrylic fiber

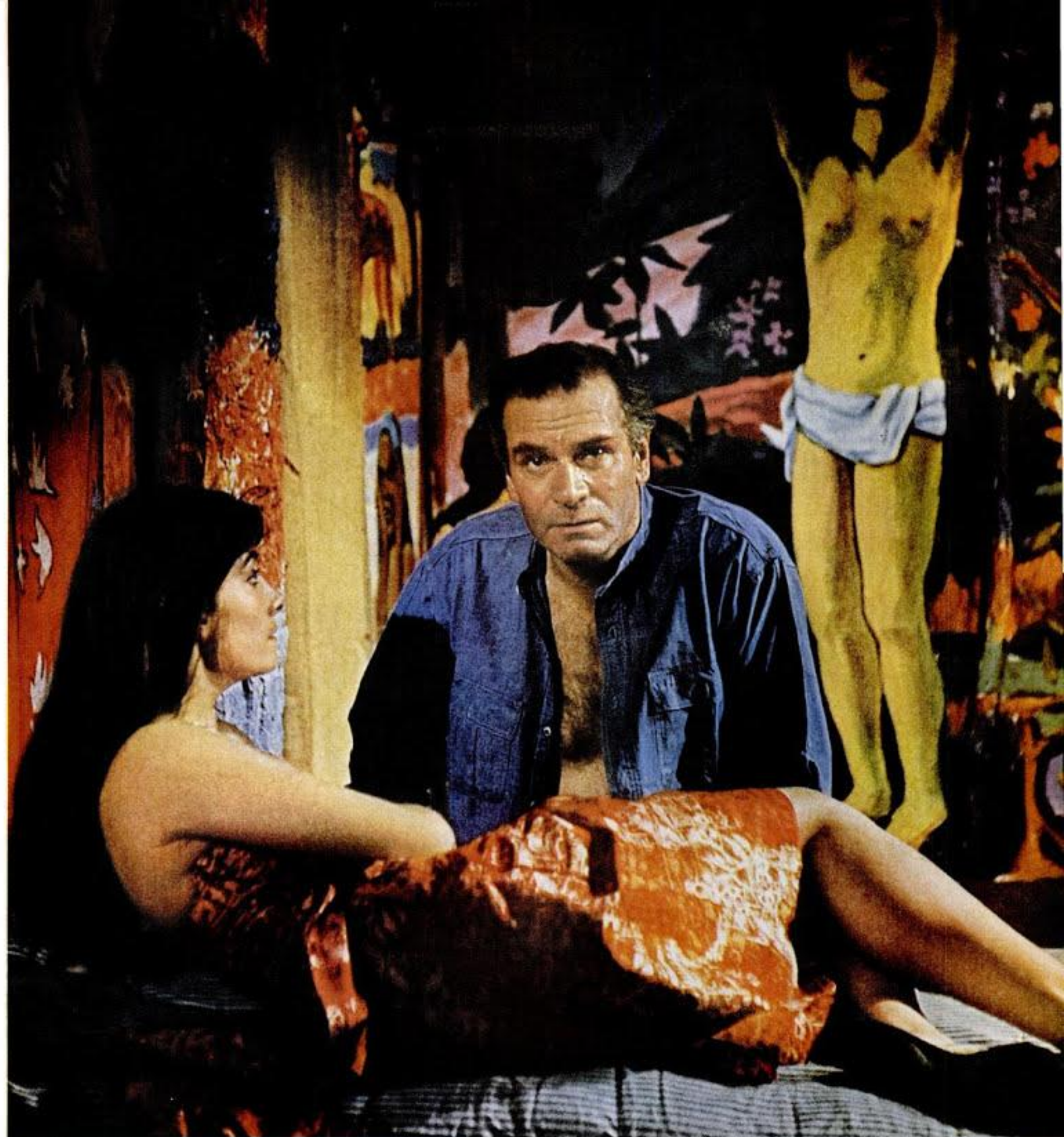
the luxury touch in the world's most care-free fabrics

Creslan, the new acrylic fiber, is helping fabrics lose weight—without losing one precious bit of warmth or beauty for outdoor enjoyment. An inherently comfortable fiber, Creslan gives fabrics a springy lightness that insulates against cold. Colors are rich and true. Wrinkles shake out. In today's new world of creative living, Creslan helps make life easier, richer, more lux-

urious than ever. Look for the Creslan trademark. It is your personal assurance that the fabrics in the fashions you wear, the home furnishings you live with, are well-made, styled right and Cyanamid-approved. Creslan is a product of American Cyanamid Company, New York.

CYANAMID

Creslan®
ACRYLIC FIBER



RUNNING THROUGH PLAY'S FINAL SCENE, OLIVIER KNEELS BESIDE HIS NATIVE WIFE JEAN MARSID BEFORE HUGE GAUGUINISH SCENE ON WALL OF HIS HUT

A \$100,000 TV Debut for Olivier

Color is more often a contrivance than an essential to TV because most viewers can see the shows only in plain black and white. But in *The Moon and Sixpence* (Oct. 30, 8 p.m. EST, NBC-TV), a dramatic adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel, a full palette of color supports the plot based on the life of Painter Paul Gauguin. In its settings banked with huge canvases of Tahitian foliage and languorous girls, Sir Laurence Olivier makes his U.S. TV acting debut playing the stockbroker who leaves his family to paint in the South Pacific. At the end of the

story of the civilized man going native, Olivier is seen degenerating physically as his art flourishes. He dies after he finishes his lushest work.

The image of a man gone to ruin was made a little easier for Olivier to enact by the punishing pace of the TV sessions. The entire production—longer than some movies—was taped at a Brooklyn studio in three days. Throughout them Olivier subsisted on steaks and vitamin pills served him in the studio where he also slept between some scenes. For his work, Olivier got \$100,000—enough to buy a small Gauguin still life.

CONTINUED

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REFUSING TO LEAVE, painter's wife clutches him desperately as she says she will not abandon him to save herself even when she learns he has leprosy.

CONTORTED BY LEPROSY, painter makes an exit from scene. Stagehands helping Olivier on the set found make-up artist's sores uncomfortably realistic.



UNDER A LUSH ISLAND MURAL done in the style of Gauguin on the walls of the studio hut, the painter and his wife talk for the last time before he dies.





SP242—We two are wishing you—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



SP246—May the wonder of Christmas forever fill your heart



SP248—Coming to say Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



SP253—Wishing you the special joy that only Christmas brings



SP251—Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



SP250—Greetings at Christmas and best wishes for the New Year



SP262—May the joy of Christmas be with you all through the coming year



SP255—Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year



SP265—Wishing you all the joys of the holiday season and a very Happy New Year



SP264—MERRY CHRISTMAS with all the trimmings



SP267—Bringing you the best of wishes for Christmas and the New Year



SP258—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



SP256—Bringing you Christmas Greetings and best wishes for a Happy New Year



SP259—Have your Merriest Christmas ever and Happy New Year



SP254—Hope your Christmas and your New Year are filled with happiness



SP263—To wish you every happiness at Christmas and through the New Year



SP243—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, too (This design available in "We four"—SP244 and "We five"—SP245)



SP261—Just dropping by to wish you Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



SP248—May your Christmas be blessed with happiness (The Legend of St. Francis)



SP252—Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



SP260—May your home be filled with happiness this Christmas and through the New Year



SP254—Wishing you the special joy that only Christmas brings

Christmas cards are a family affair, so select several of these "Solid Packs" (25 of one design to each package) so all those Christmas angels in your household will have an assortment from which to choose.

All 22 designs shown here are charmingly original, beautifully colored and priced at a sweet-and-low \$2.

Other Norcross "Solid Packs", each containing 25 of one design, range from \$1 to \$4.75.

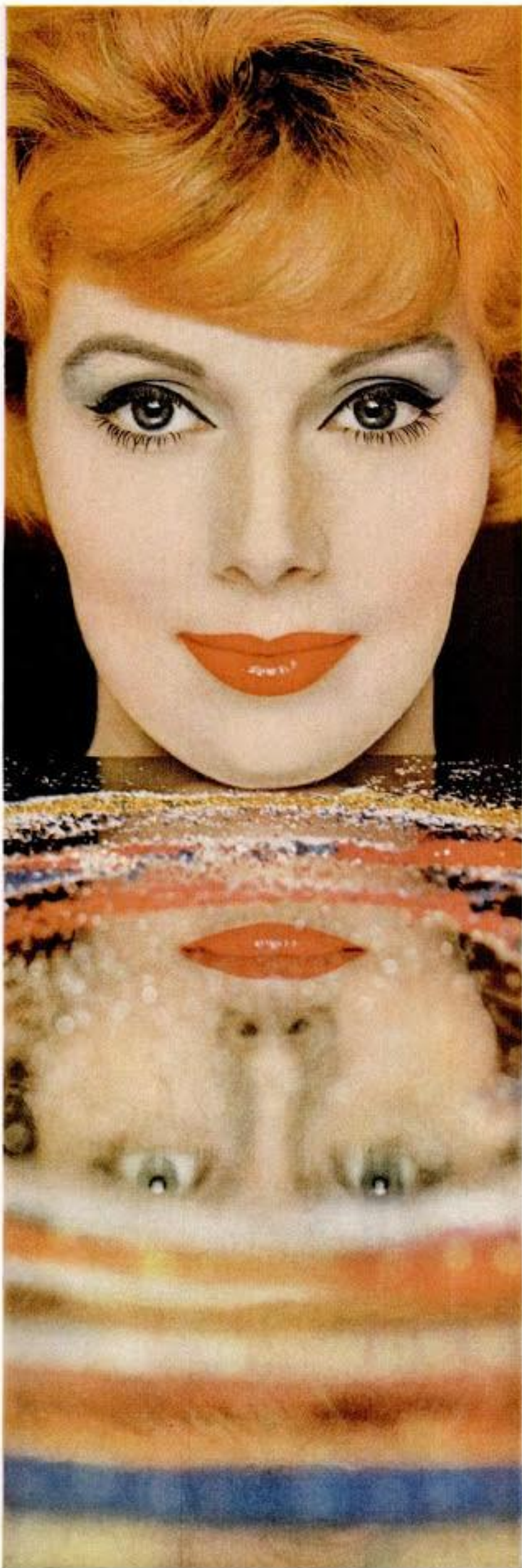
Names may be imprinted at only a slight extra cost. To be sure of getting the cards which you have chosen, take this magazine with you and show this page to your favorite dealer. They're at better stores everywhere.

The nicest cards on the rack have the **N** on the back

N
NORCROSS

© NORCROSS, INC.

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**NEW
AND DAZZLINGLY
DIFFERENT**

Unique
bracelet watches
...cut, polished
to catch
each shaft of light
RHAPSODY
by

BULOVA

capturing
the fascination
of fine jewelry...
adding the
elegance of a
23-jewel movement
for flawless precision



Half moon link bracelet spirals around your wrist, sets off a tiny circle of a watch. Also in white. \$59.50.



Tapered band, with brilliantly polished side links framing embossed, satiny center links. The watch echoes the same design. Also in white. \$65.



Fascinating tulip leaf bracelet with each leaf alternately polished to either a high luster or a soft satin glow. Also in white. \$85.



The winged jet bracelet, set off by flower sprays that hold 4 diamonds. The watch—a tiny curved cushion shape. Also in white. \$100.



**YOU CAN BE PROUD OF
THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE**

Watches shown include Federal Tax. - Other watches from \$26.75 to \$2500. ©1959 Bulova Watch Co., Inc. New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan



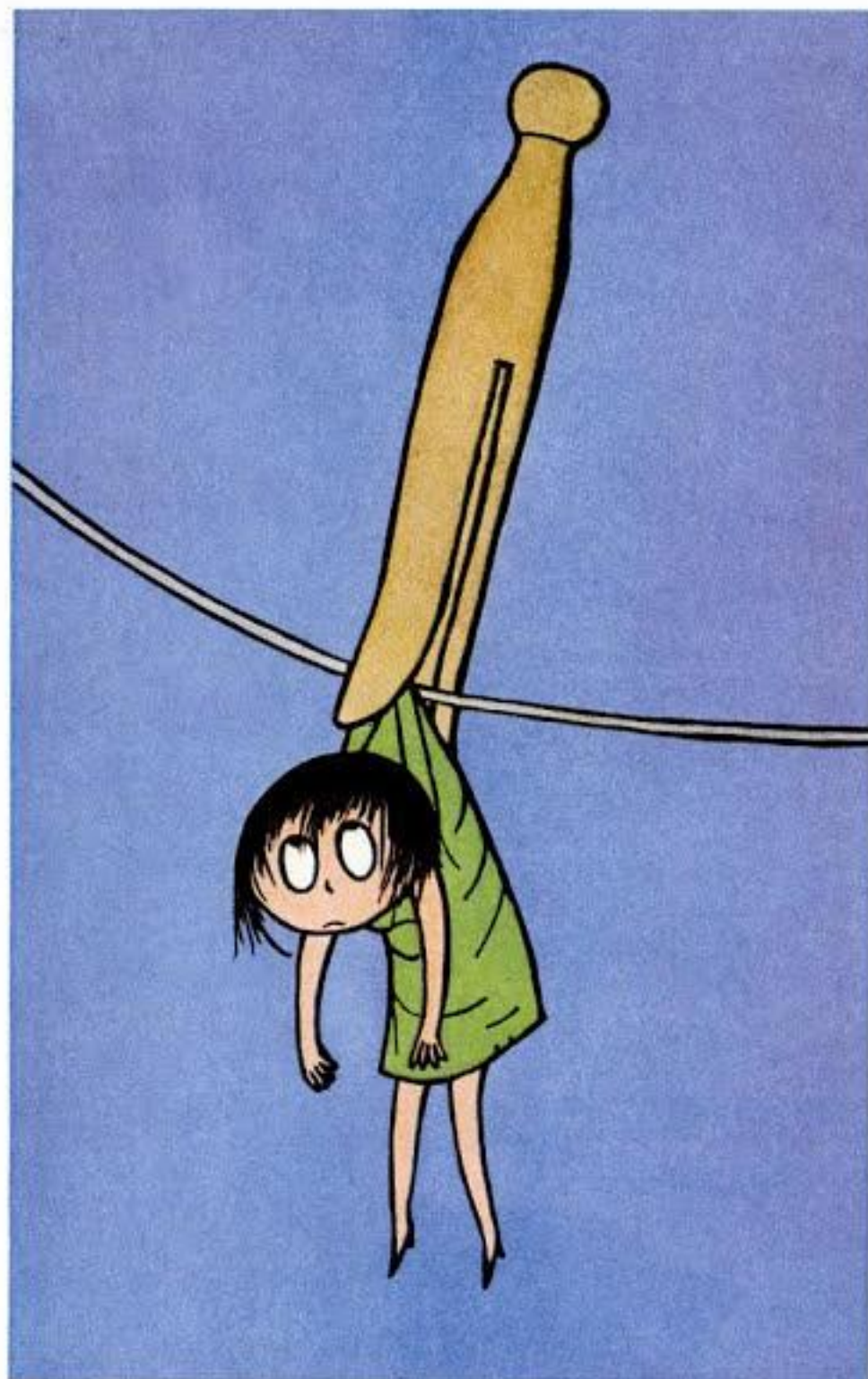
Spry Gals' Giant Leap

To football fans, watching the ecstatic acrobatics of the cheerleaders, the air often seems filled with sky-high leaping girls and gay, flying pompons. To dramatize this impression, Los Angeles Photographer Bill Bridges borrowed the "Song Girls" of UCLA, arranged them above each other on a flight of brown brick steps,

then shot them with a telescopic lens which has the effect of compressing distance and confusing depth perception. So when the girls did their stuff for his camera, the steps suddenly appeared to be a brick wall and their leaps prodigious. For the authentic but still rigorous acrobatics required at Michigan State, turn page.

CONTINUED

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Over-Coffeed?

Feeling washed out? High strung? Could be too much coffee is to blame.

Could be you should try Postum. 100% caffeine-free. *Can't* make you nervous or rob you of sleep.

A satisfying hot drink you *can* enjoy—cup after cup after cup.

Give Postum a good try for a week or two. See how much better you feel when you give your over-coffee nerves a rest.



Drink POSTUM
...it's 100%
coffee-free!

Another fine product of General Foods

CHEERLEADERS CONTINUED



IN HOOP DIVE three boys leap through hula hoops held by girls during practice. All the male cheerleaders are members of college gymnastics team.

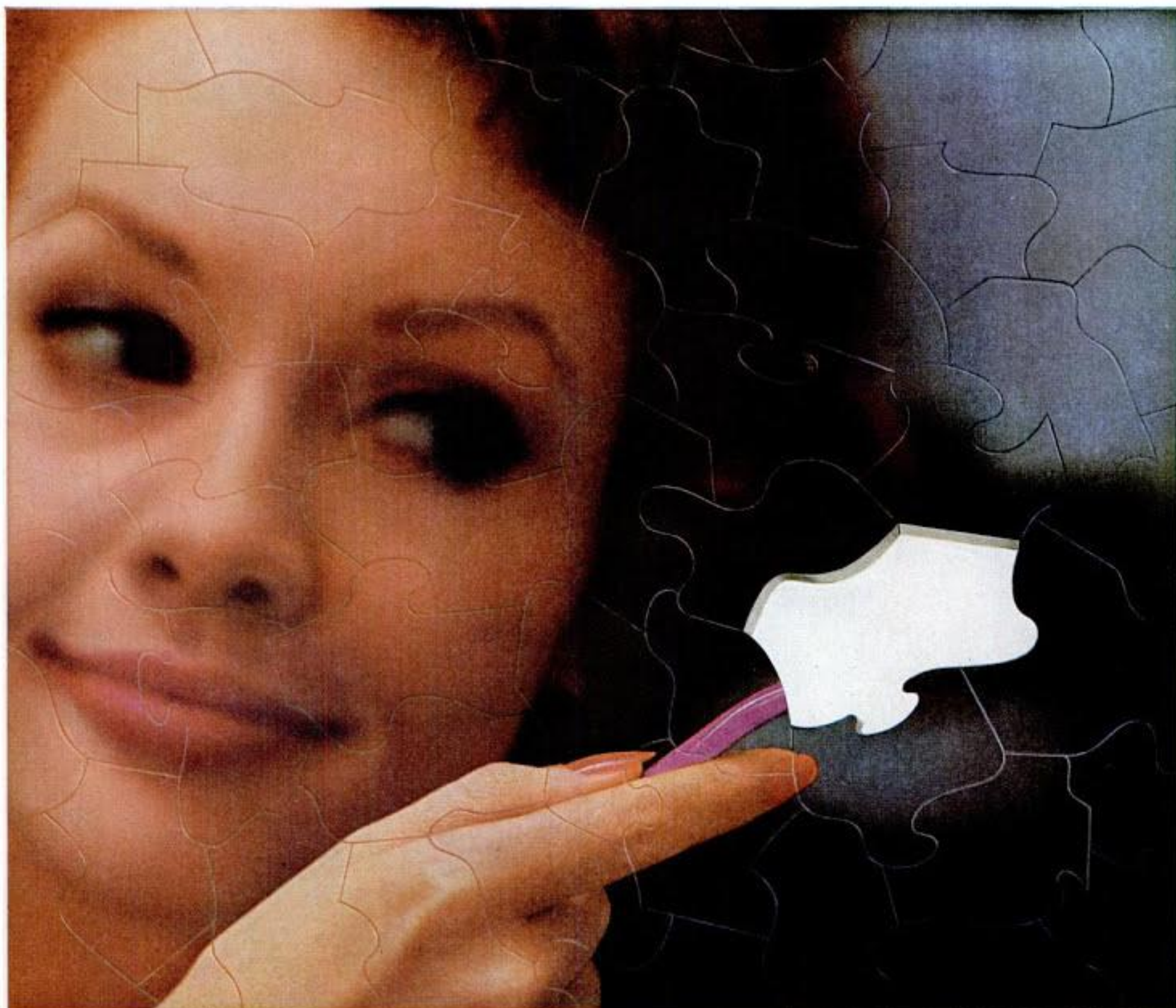
LIKE A FOOTBALL TEAM

Cheerleading has come far since the "locomotive for the team." At Michigan State cheerleaders are virtually a football team. Nearly 100 candidates who come out for cheerleading are cut to a six-girl, six-boy squad. In daily three-hour practices under a professional coach they perfect 200 plays—as many as the football team itself has. There is even a captain-quarterback who calls signals for the play he wants.



IN BACK BEND, executed with help of Pauline Hess, university's cheerleader coach, Sue Beekman, 19, limbers up for the afternoon's acrobatics.

CONTINUED



What toothbrush shape to use? Dr. West's solves the puzzle!

CHOOSE THE ONE SHAPE THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU



NEW!
FLEXI-TUFT
Straight-Top

If you like soft, flexing bristles—lots of them that clean, massage and polish, this is *your* brush. Has the sheerest bristles ever—1720 closely spaced for scrubbing action and strength. Flat top, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch brush-head. "Germ-fighter" inoculated bristles.



NEW!
FLEXI-TUFT
Short Curve

New $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch dentist-preferred, three-row design. 1050 firm yet pliant flexi-tuft bristles in slightly curved brushhead. New grip-tight handle. Designed for medium and hard bristles and for the correct "rolling motion" brusher. "Germ-fighter" treated.



FAMOUS CONTOUR
Long Curve

The most famous shape in toothbrushing. Scientifically curved to fit the dental arch inside, outside, in-between. Exton brand bristles won't wilt—won't pull out. Look for Dr. West's Contour in sparkling glass tubes! It's a "Germ-Fighter" brand, too!

Copy. 1959 by Weeco Products Co.

NOW 3 DR. WEST'S SHAPES...5 NEW FASHION COLORS

Copyrighted material

Give him the cheese
he'd buy for himself



*this Swiss with the
fresh-cut taste*

Masculine appetites have a built-in yen for Kraft's nut-sweet 'n' tender Swiss Cheese. It's a man's first choice for snacks with beverages, his special favorite sandwich cheese. And watch his eyes brighten at salads made with pale-gold strips of Swiss!

Get your man big, fresh-cut tasting slices in the packages marked Kraft Natural Swiss Cheese. (They hold enough for you, too!)



NATURALLY FROM **KRAFT**
the finest of Natural Cheeses

CHEERLEADERS CONTINUED



PYRAMID PLAY has Marge Rohs aloft and Linda Hopkins (foreground) as flying buttress. During two-minute game time-out, squad can do five such plays.



LAUGHING LANDING follows collapse of a new pyramid play. Helping Marge Rohs to her feet is Maurice Spencer, 20, captain of the cheerleaders.



From Chesapeake Bay...*land of pleasant living*

You're looking at two great traditions of the Bay Country: a Blue Channel crab . . . steamed the special Chesapeake way to a fiery red . . . all set to eat right from the shell. And . . . a bottle of National Beer beside it. National, the quality beer that's traditional to the Bay region is on sale near you. Enjoy it, wherever you live. It's the TASTE that you'll like about National.

NATIONAL BEER

P.S. — HOW TO STEAM CRABS: Use steam pot that has elevated platform. For each dozen crabs, put one cup of beer and one cup of vinegar in steamer. Place live crabs on platform in layers . . . sprinkle seasoning (red pepper, mustard, salt, paprika, cayenne) between the layers. Steam (do not boil) about 20 minutes. Crack the crabs and eat from shell.



IN THESE FLOATS HARD CRABS ARE WATCHED DAY AND NIGHT AS THEY SHED THEIR SHELLS AND BECOME THE "SOFT CRAB" DELICACY.

Now...with new rubbers, new chemicals, new cores

The World's First Tu



This year you'll be driving more than ever before on modern expressways, throughways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds. For greater safety, you need these new

Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear. (This photograph of the highway above, was taken from the Wilshire Boulevard overpass in downtown Los Angeles.)

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER

...Goodyear brings you:

Turnpike-Proved Tires!



Many a tire that's been "getting by" around town will fail to meet the test of the turnpikes. You need new Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear...built with phenomenal new rubbers, chemicals and cords...to give you up to 25% more mileage—no matter where or how you drive—and with greater safety than ever before.



WE KNEW, at Goodyear, if we could build a tire to give more safe mileage on the turnpikes, it would give you more safe mileage *anywhere* you drive!

But first, Goodyear scientists had to solve two vital problems:

Problem #1—tread rubber: At sustained high speeds, ordinary tread rubber is literally eaten away. But by *intimate mixing* of new chemicals and rubber molecules, Goodyear scientists created today's longest-wearing tread rubber for today's toughest driving conditions.

Problem #2—tire cord: At high speeds, the same heat that eats away tread also weakens cord. The answer? Goodyear's all-new 3-T *triple-tempered* cord (Rayon or Nylon). Triple-tempering gives strength and heat resistance that other cords simply do not have.

Proved on the "Turnpike That Never Ends." At San Angelo, Texas, on a new, 140-mph test track, these tires *proved* they'll give you more safe mileage, not only on the turnpikes but everywhere.

In short, every new Goodyear tire is a Turnpike-Proved Tire—the safest, toughest, longest-wearing tire in its class.

Now at your nearby Goodyear dealer's—for every car and every budget. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

Harbor Freeway,
in Los Angeles.)



KIND!

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

The lively legends of *The Indians*

Not long after they came to America, the white men ran across a wondrous store of legends—of rabbits that played epic tricks, of birds that ran off with lovely maidens, of twins who rode to the sun. These were the tales told as tribal lore by the American Indians, who rank among the most colorful and imaginative storytellers of the world. Like most other mythmakers the world over, the Indians also used their legends to tell how the world began, how man discovered fire, how plants grew. The Indian myths that white men heard and recorded were more than just entertaining folklore. They were held as sacred inheritances by the Indians, explaining the forces of nature to him and giving him vivid reasons for the religious ceremonials that he danced.

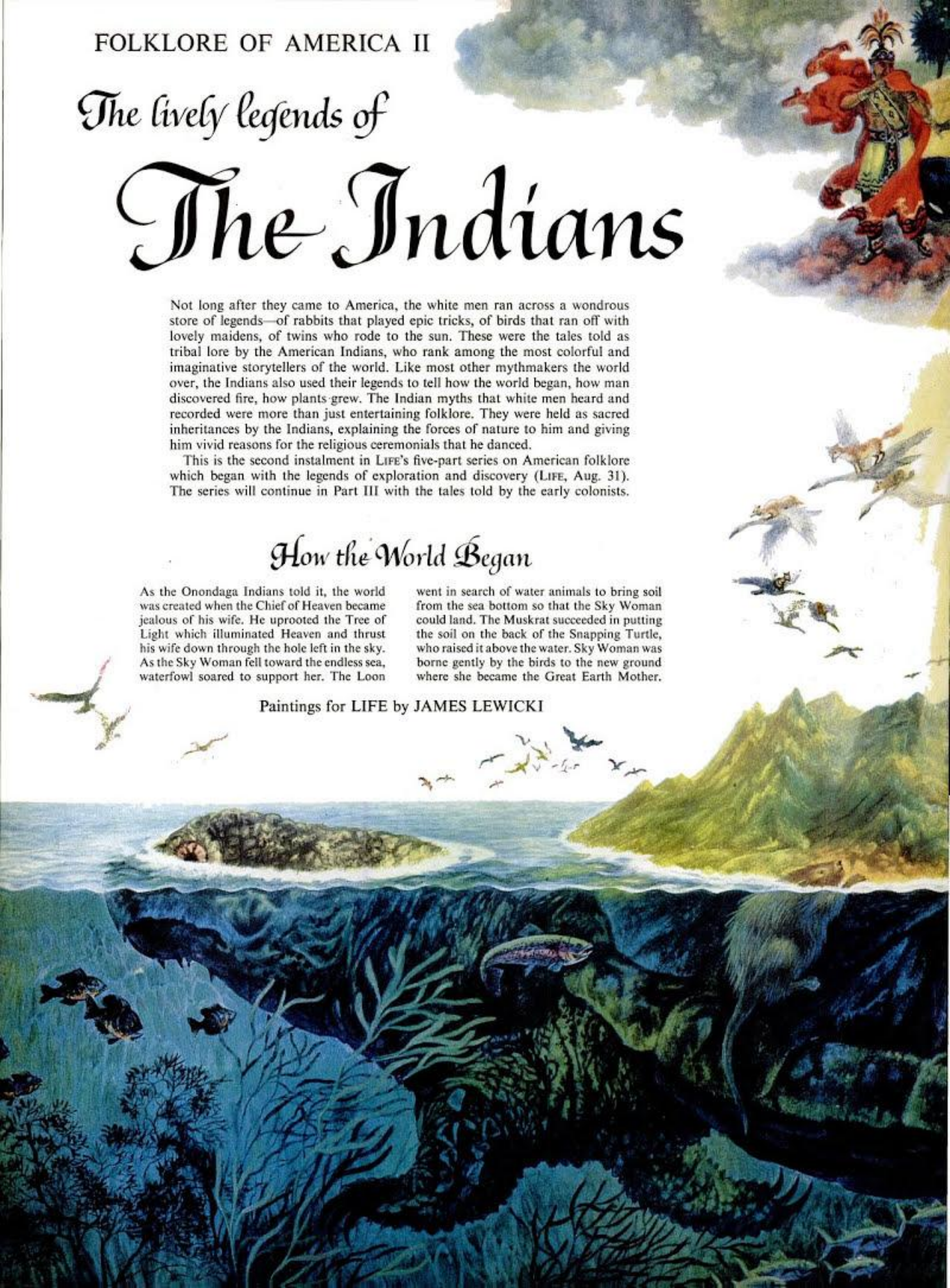
This is the second instalment in LIFE's five-part series on American folklore which began with the legends of exploration and discovery (LIFE, Aug. 31). The series will continue in Part III with the tales told by the early colonists.

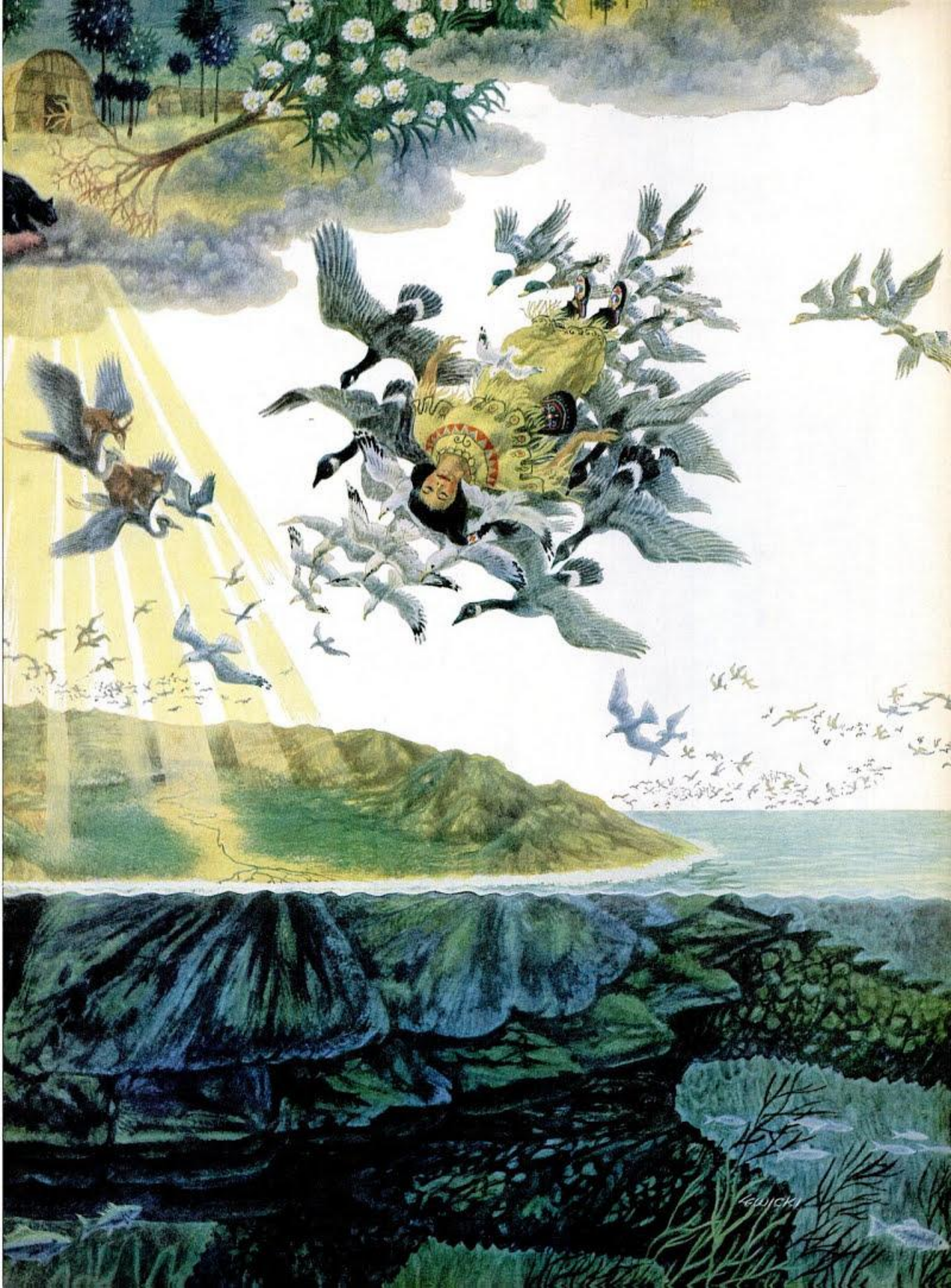
How the World Began

As the Onondaga Indians told it, the world was created when the Chief of Heaven became jealous of his wife. He uprooted the Tree of Light which illuminated Heaven and thrust his wife down through the hole left in the sky. As the Sky Woman fell toward the endless sea, waterfowl soared to support her. The Loon

went in search of water animals to bring soil from the sea bottom so that the Sky Woman could land. The Muskrat succeeded in putting the soil on the back of the Snapping Turtle, who raised it above the water. Sky Woman was borne gently by the birds to the new ground where she became the Great Earth Mother.

Paintings for LIFE by JAMES LEWICKI







Leavicki

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Escape from the Underworld

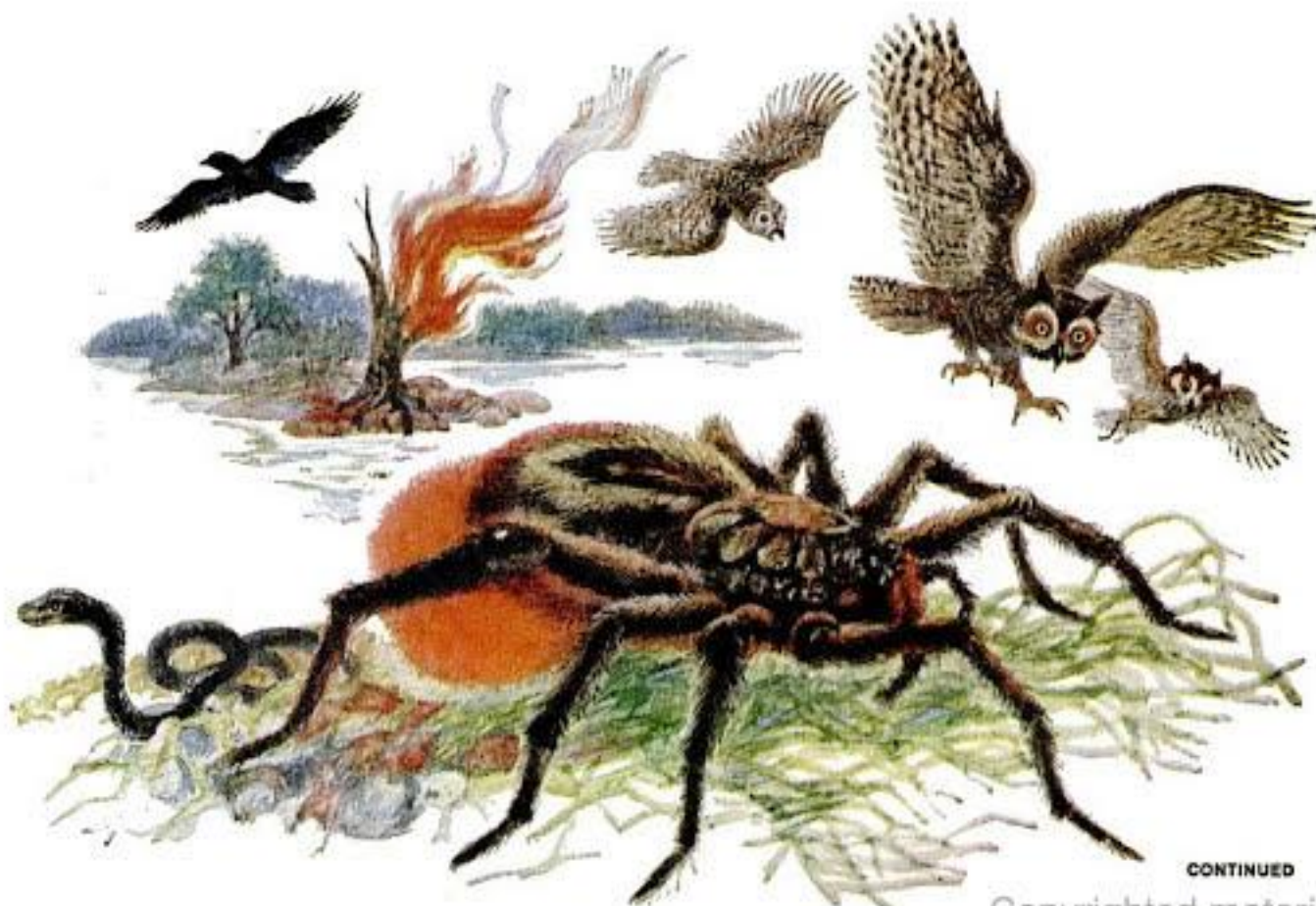
The pueblo-dwelling Hopis of the southwestern desert, who had to dig down into the ground to reach springs of water, believed that man once lived in an underworld paradise. People were prosperous and happy until they grew licentious. In punishment the waters rose in the underworld. The people escaped by following Spider Woman (shown in center, opposite page, in white robe) up a reed, two kinds of pine trees and a giant sunflower that reached above the flood. As the people climbed to safety the Mocking Bird assigned each to a tribe. But Mocking Bird grew exhausted and stopped singing before all the people had been assigned, and the latecomers tumbled back into the underworld where all dead things were to go. The others set off in search of the sunrise, the white men going south, the Pueblos staying in the center, the Indians going north.

Garden from the Grave

Tales of a strange life from death explained, for the Seneca Indians, the miracle of corn and other food-giving plants. The daughter of Sky Woman had a lover who appeared in the guise of a vine. Soon she gave birth to two contrasting sons. Elder One made his mother happy but Warty One caused her great pain and eventually killed her. Elder One, called Good Mind, helped Sky Woman prepare his mother's grave. Then Sky Woman spoke to her dead daughter: "Make ready to receive soon many beings from below, for the path will be trodden by many." After the burial Good Mind stayed and carefully watered the earth above his mother's grave. Soon buds appeared. From the area of his mother's head sprouted the tobacco plant, from her breasts sprang corn, from her abdomen squash, from her hands the bean and from her feet the potato.

The First Fire

Before man came, the earth was a cold, cheerless place, according to the Cherokees. Then the thunder gods hurled a lightning bolt to the base of a sycamore tree standing on an island. The tree caught fire and all the animals saw it. They gathered to decide how the fire might be fetched across the water. Many offered to get it and the Raven was first chosen. When he landed on the tree the fire scorched his feathers black and frightened him away. The Screech Owl tried and the heat nearly burned his eyes out. The Hoot Owl and Horned Owl were turned back with rings of ashes around their eyes. Other birds and animals refused to go, but finally the Water Spider volunteered. She wove a *tusti* bowl and attached it to her back. Scooting over the water, she took one small coal from the burning tree, put it in the bowl and came safely back. Ever since, man has had fire and the Water Spider has had a *tusti* bowl.



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The Raven's Deed

The Raven, to tribes of the Northwest, was both a rogue and an epic hero. His gluttony was always getting him into trouble and he was always making hairbreadth escapes. In one legend he turned his guile to a heroic deed and rid the world of darkness. A selfish chief kept Daylight in a box. Raven, disguised as a leaf of cedar, was taken into the womb of the chief's daughter and was born as a son. He then grabbed the box of light and raced off with it to earth. Today the dance mask (at left) celebrates Raven's adventures.



The Dance of the Corn Maidens

When the forefathers of the Zuñis from the southwest pueblos came up from the underworld they were accompanied by a group of lovely maidens. The maidens traveled with the Zuñis for years until witches in the Place of the Fog gave them seeds of different kinds of maize and squash and transformed them into

Corn Maidens. Happy in their sanctuary, the maidens danced with their bright stalks and bathed in the cool dew. Discovered by man and brought before the Zuñis, they danced until the people all fell asleep. Then Payatamu, the little flute-playing god who places blooms on flowers and who had come to watch, was

charmed by their beauty. The maidens, fearful of his attentions, fled to the Spring of Mist and Cloud. There they remained until the Zuñis, plagued by great famine, persuaded them to return and dance again. The famine ended and ever since the beauty and dancing of the Corn Maidens have been celebrated in Zuni ritual.



The Hiawatha of Longfellow's poem, fathered by the West Wind and "born the child of wonder," is a figure in the semifactual stories the Iroquois told of the founding of the Five Nations. Hiawatha was originally a cannibal who was converted to a disciple of Deganawidah, great Mohawk messenger of Peace and Power.



Hiawatha and the Snake Man

He and his master set off to carry the message to the nations of the West—the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. All eagerly accepted peace except the evil leader of the Onondagas, Atotarho, a wizard who had a crooked body and snakes for his hair. Atotarho rejected Hiawatha's teaching and killed

Hiawatha's wife and three daughters. Eventually Deganawidah and Hiawatha overcame the evil power of Atotarho. In the presence of the other Iroquois chiefs, Hiawatha (literally "he who combs") stood over Atotarho and combed the snakes away. The Five Chiefs then sat in council under the Tree of Great Peace.





Manabozho's Trick

Manabozho was the Great Hare whom the Menominees made into a god. In many tales and under various names he was the source of life-giving miracles. But there was also a much less glorious side to Manabozho. He was sometimes the cunning or blundering rabbit, a kind of Br'er Rabbit. Once walking along the lake shore he came upon a gathering of waterfowl and decided he would have a feast. A swan saw him and asked fearfully, "Where are you going, Manabozho?" He replied, "I'm going to have a song." Pulling out his singing sticks, he invited the birds to dance around him and sing as loud as they could while he beat his drum. "Keep your eyes closed and dance around me. The first one to open his eyes will forever have them red and sore," he said. As the birds circled him with loud song, Manabozho reached out and wrung the neck of a swan, which screamed. "That's right, brothers," Manabozho said, "sing as loud as you can." He grabbed another and another and killed them. Finally, the Hell-Diver, a variety of grebe (*second from left in the painting at left*), peeking to see why the singing had nearly stopped, shouted, "Manabozho is killing us!" Then he ran for the water. Manabozho overtook him. But instead of killing the bird he kicked him into the lake, leaving the Hell-Diver red-eyed and tailless forever.

Dance inside a Fish

An old Blackfoot man and woman were kept in hunger by a wicked son-in-law. One day the old man found a clot of blood on the trail and happily took it home to his wife. She tried to make a pot of soup from the blood. While it was cooking, they heard a baby's cry. They ran to the pot and found a small boy. The happy old man named him Blood Clot and gave him bones for soup. Blood Clot said he was really Smoking Star and he had come to help the old man and woman. He killed the evil son-in-law and provided food for the couple. Then he left for a round of adventures among other Indians. At one camp he encountered a woman wrestler who killed her foes by throwing them upon knives she had secretly stuck in the ground. Blood Clot joked and played with her until he suddenly dropped her on her own knives. On his way to another camp he was caught by a great wind and sucked into the stomach of a huge fish. There he found many other people hopelessly trapped by the sucking fish. Blood Clot painted his face white and attached a white rock knife, blade up, to his head. He called the other victims to join him in a dance around the belly of the fish. Blood Clot danced up and down until the knife stabbed the heart of the fish. Then he sliced an opening between the ribs of the fish and led the people to safety.

CONTINUED

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Queen of the Underworld

On a shore of the Far North an Eskimo maiden named Sedna lived alone with her father. Her beauty attracted many youths, yet none could reach her heart. But in the spring Sedna was wooed by the lyric song of the fulmar, who promised her love and luxury. She ran off with the great bird only to learn he had deceived her. Sedna lived in misery until her father came to rescue her. He killed the fulmar and fled with Sedna by boat. Other fulmars flew after the pair and beat up such a violent storm

that the cowardly father offered Sedna to the birds. He pushed her overboard and, as she clung to the boat, cut off the ends of her fingers, which fell into the sea and became whales, then the rest of her fingers, which became seals. When the fulmars left, the father pulled Sedna back into the boat, but when they returned home she vengefully set dogs on him. Suddenly father and daughter both slipped into a hole in the earth and dropped to the underworld where ever since Sedna has reigned as queen.

Secret of the Dead

The Tachi Indians of California told of a man who sought to bring his wife back after her death. After he buried her, he hid in a hole beside her grave. When she rose from the grave the second night he tried to seize her, but she slipped through his hands. He followed her to the Island of the Dead where for six days he stayed and watched the dead people dancing. The chief of the dead refused to return the woman's soul but he allowed the man to go home, saying, "Hide in your lodge for six days and then come out and dance." The husband was so anxious to tell the people about the Island of the Dead he came out on the fifth day. He danced for the people and told his amazing story. When he stopped, a rattlesnake bit him. He died and went to join his wife. Thus the whole world came to know where dead people go.

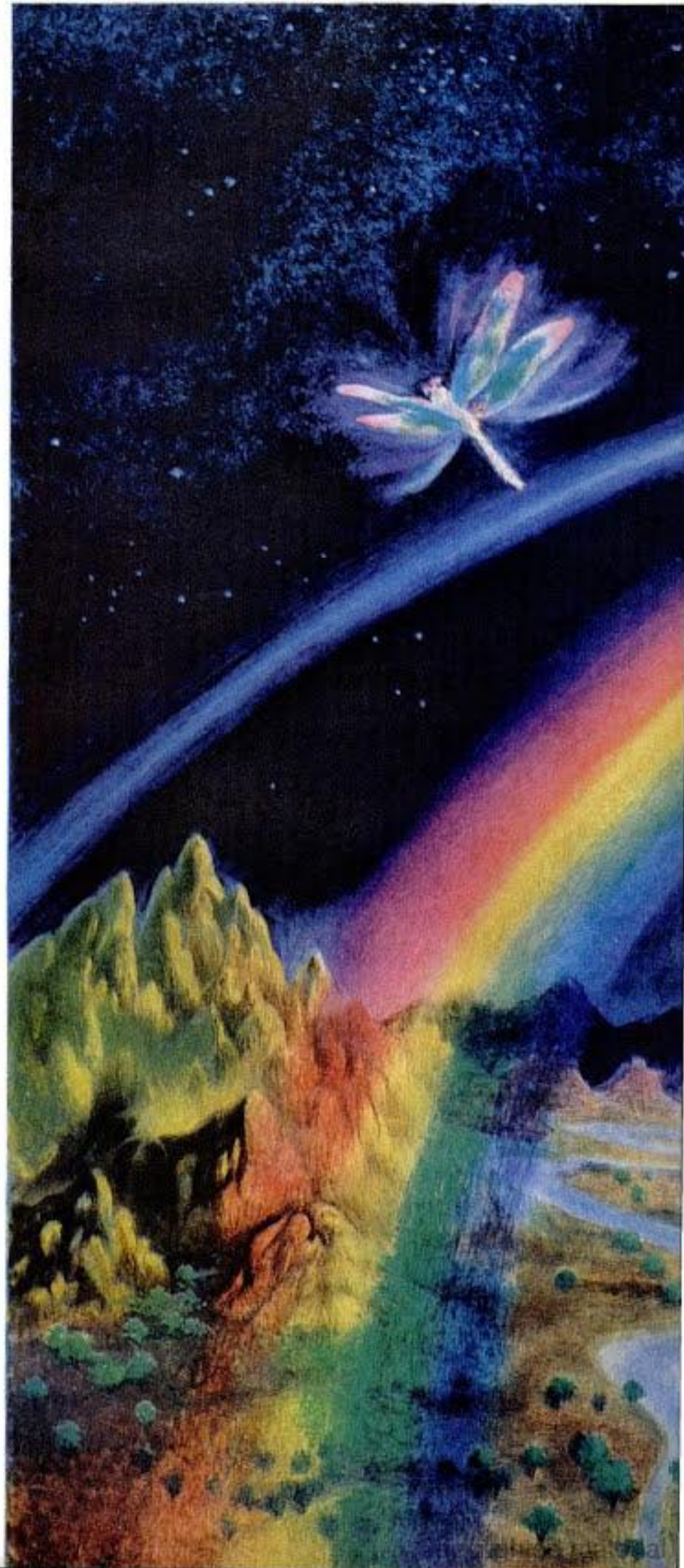
The Buffalo Spirit

Wisaka was a manitou, or wizard, of awesome power in the mythology of the Fox Indians. Not long after he was born, Wisaka's mother became lost with him on the open prairie. A party of Sioux, dread enemy of the Fox, had approached and threatened them when a herd of buffalo suddenly appeared and drove the Sioux away. The mother then learned that her son had been blessed by the sacred White Buffalo. Wisaka grew up and gained the power to change from a brave to a white buffalo whenever he wished. One day the Sioux attacked his tribe. Wisaka did not at first get into the fight, but when he saw that his people were not going to be able to kill all of the enemy, he said that he would show them how. As he charged into his attack, he turned into a white buffalo and swiftly finished off the remaining Sioux.



The Stone Animals

It was the Coyote's anger, as told in Paiute legend, that shaped the contorted rocks in Bryce Canyon, Utah. Before man came, the canyon was inhabited by birds, animals and lizards. Physically they were very much like people and eventually they began stealing and fighting among themselves just like people. Coyote, who like Raven and Manabozho was a demigod and hero, decided to punish the inhabitants by turning them into stone. And the colors and massive, bright shapes of the canyon today are the painted faces and bodies of the victims of Coyote's wrath.



The Twins Journey to the Sun

Begochiddy, the Navajo God of Creation, approached twin boys out on a hunt and told them they had been born to the Sun and must now visit their father. He gave them a ray of light and a rainbow to help them make the long journey into the heavens. And he told them that of all things their father might offer they must bring back only the flint armor, the lightning arrows, the stone knife, big cyclones, big hail and a magic fire stick. The twins rode the light and the rainbow over deep canyons, rivers and sky-piercing mountains. They passed swiftly under Daybreak,

the After-Glow of Sunset, the Dusk and Darkness until they reached the Turquoise House where the Spirit of the Sun lived with other heavenly spirits and his messenger, the Dragonfly. To make certain the boys were his own, the Sun put them through severe trials. He threw them onto spikes of obsidian, smothered them with steam, exposed them to storms and freezing night. The boys convinced their father by enduring all the tortures. Then the twins returned by rainbow and light to the earth carrying the magic weapons, which they used to kill man's enemies.





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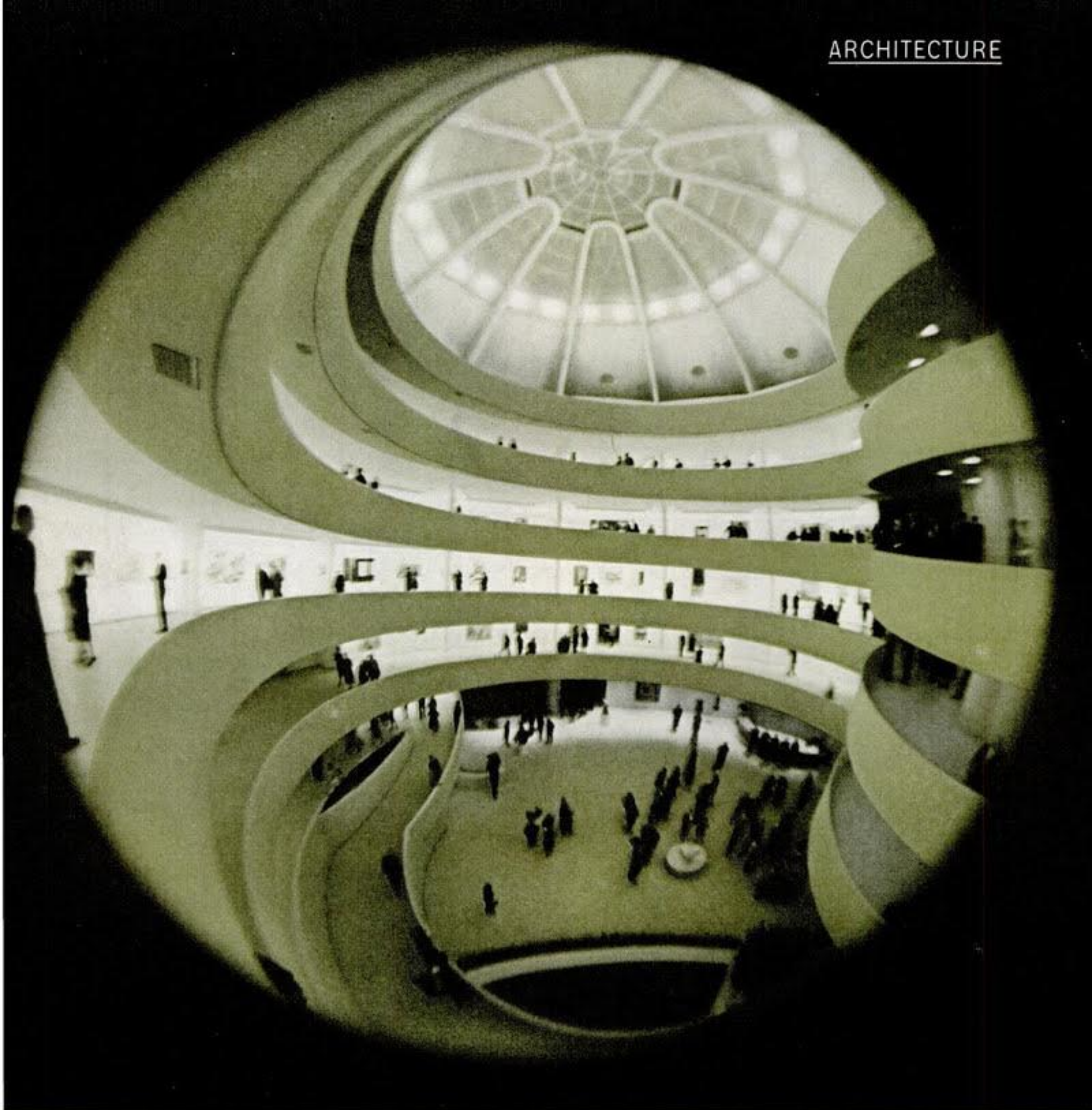
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Wright's Startling Museum Spiral

Last week, six months after he had died, the spirit of Frank Lloyd Wright came triumphantly to life again in New York City. The revolutionary art museum which he designed for Solomon R. Guggenheim was finally opened to the public. While it was under construction, the museum was the constant butt of jokes. Its cylindrical exterior was likened to everything from a washing machine to a marshmallow.

The inside of the new Guggenheim Museum

proved to be far more sensational than the outside. To the visitors who streamed through, it seemed like the inside of a giant snail shell. A ramp, spiraling down from a glass dome, creates a continuous gallery lined with modern art. The sweep of this coiling corridor is dramatized in the impressionistic photograph above, a 180° view taken with a fisheye camera.

The new museum was greeted with a barrage of praise and protest. Architects hailed

the "fantastic structure," museum directors complained of the slanting floors and walls. An art critic called it "America's most beautiful building," a newspaper labeled it a "joyous monstrosity." Everyone agreed on one thing—the building was definitely dizzying. This physical reaction would have pleased Wright who predicted, "When it is finished and you go into it, you will *feel* the building. You will feel it as a curving wave that never breaks."

CONCLUSION

YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR

CHALLENGE OF MOUNTING EXPENSES

Individual hospital care, new techniques
save more lives but can eat up savings

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

IT is a curious and significant fact of medical history that no American president has ever been born in a hospital. Even the three youthful politicians who dominate the speculation about the 1960 election—Kennedy, Nixon and Rockefeller—were all born at home. It is only within the lifetimes of these three young men that women have started having their babies in hospitals. But now on every day of the year about 48,000 new or prospective mothers occupy U.S. hospital beds.

The recent mass migration of pregnant women from home to hospital is one good reason why medical care is now so appallingly expensive. It already costs us almost \$17 billion a year and it is growing dearer by the day. The patients usually blame the doctors, and editorial writers are constantly wondering how in the world we are ever going to pay for it all. Just taking care of 48,000 new maternity patients requires the equivalent of about 120 good-sized hospitals which, if built today, would cost almost \$1 billion, plus the services of around 100,000 internes, nurses, orderlies, maids, cooks, dieticians, porters, elevator operators, telephone operators and laboratory technicians whose total salary, even though most of them are grossly underpaid, runs in the neighborhood of \$370 million a year.

Another good reason for the huge cost of medical care is summed up by the recent history of that common, homely symptom known as the hacking cough. As recently as World War I, about all that the family doctor could do for a patient who complained of a persistent cough was to take his temperature, rap his chest and listen to his breathing through a stethoscope. These limited observations and a "history" (*How long have you had the cough? Has anybody in your family ever died of lung trouble?*) formed the standard basis of the diagnosis, but the doctor was unable to do very much for the patient except advise prolonged rest. If the patient had tuberculosis, he might well die of it; tuberculosis was still the third biggest killer of Americans as late as the 1920s. Lung cancer could not even be recognized, much less treated, by the family doctor.

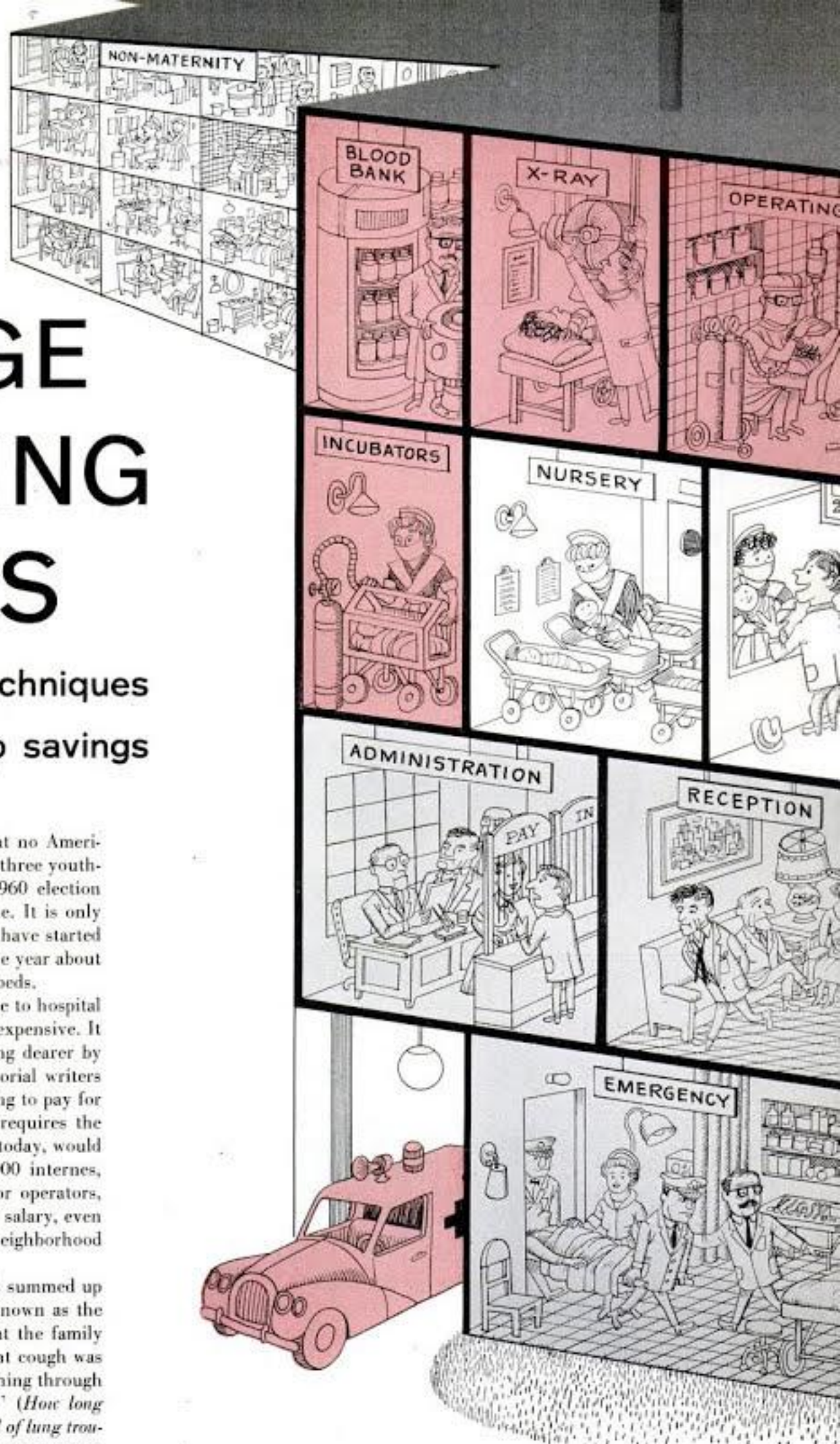
In those days only a few big-city doctors would have taken chest X-rays or a sputum smear. Today any doctor who failed to do so would be considered archaic. The myriad, exhaustive tests which doctors are now able to give in the case of a hacking cough leave little doubt as to what ails the patient. If he turns out to have tuberculosis, he will be treated with a widely effective new drug named isoniazid. If he has lung cancer, he will go to the hospital for a complicated operation, not even invented until 1933, which has brought new hope to many otherwise hopeless sufferers.

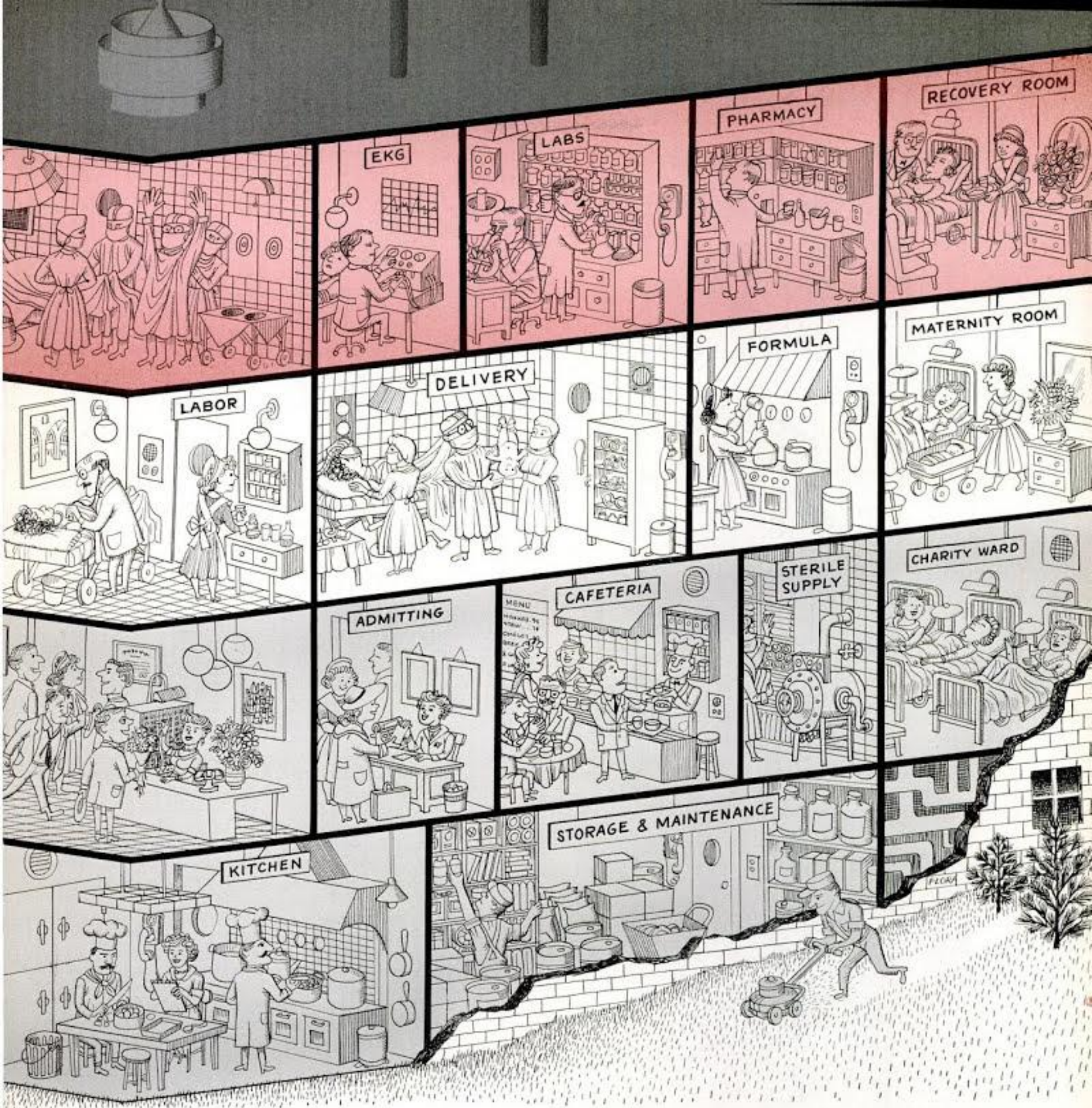
The chest thumping by the family doctor in the old days cost perhaps \$2, at the most \$5. This was inexpensive, but what the doctor could

HOUSE OF HIGH COSTS is the hospital with its wide variety of expensive services. A maternity patient in a typical hospital depicted above has not only the direct costs (white areas) but also hidden "hotel" costs (gray) and in cases

do was also not very effective. Today the patient has a chance of recovering even if the diagnosis shows lung cancer. But the diagnosis itself may cost up to \$300 and the operation, which requires the services of two high-priced doctors and a crew of technicians and a recuperation period of several weeks in the hospital, can come to \$3,000.

Statistics show that the average American now spends \$95 a year on medical care, the average American family \$294 a year. These figures are up 91% since 1948 and 184% since 1929. They seem to be shooting right off the top of the statistician's graph. But although the figures are high they must be viewed in perspective. Medical science today bears





with complications, special costs (red). She is charged \$19 a day for semiprivate room, \$8 a day for nursery and formula, \$37.50 for delivery room. This covers "hotel" costs including \$3.01 a day for meals, 10¢ a day per patient for

equipment depreciation and \$1.50 to support charity care. Special costs sometimes may add \$10 for an electrocardiogram (EKG), \$7.50 for intravenous feeding after a Caesarean, \$36 for a pint of blood. Cost for normal five days is \$188.

little resemblance to the largely unscientific medicine of grandfather's day. As a woman official of the U.S. Public Health Service likes to remark, "When we talk about the cost of medical care today as compared to the past, we're talking about the price of an electric washer-dryer compared to a washtub."

Years of successful propaganda by public health officials, insurance companies and volunteer fund-raising groups have made medical care one of today's most popular commodities. In increasing numbers, people actually do seek annual physical checkups. Women get Papanicolaou smears for detecting cervical cancer and go to the doctor for prenatal

care at the first sign of a pregnancy. The average American now sees a doctor five times a year. As recently as the '20s he went only twice a year.

Meanwhile medical science has produced some of the most ingenious—and costly—gadgets ever seen. Physicians can hook you up to an artificial heart-lung machine (cost about \$14,000) while they repair the inside of your heart. They can take moving pictures of your heartbeat with an X-ray movie camera (\$60,000) or fight a deep-seated cancer with a machine that uses radioactive cobalt (\$30,000). They successfully treat pneumonia, which used to be the No. 1 killer, with penicillin,

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MEDICAL COSTS CONTINUED

which cost \$30 million to develop, and arthritis with cortisone, which cost \$5 million. Operating these machines and administering these drugs, furthermore, requires ever greater numbers of highly specialized physicians and technicians.

The clock, it may safely be assumed, is not going to be turned back. The artificial heart-lung machines are not going to be abandoned for lack of funds. Indeed we can expect more of these expensive new contraptions and miracle drugs in the future. In the end, the furor over medical finances comes down to two pertinent questions: 1) Does medicine cost more than it should—i.e., are the doctors and hospitals robbing us? 2) How can we as a nation pay the bills?

Ironically, it has been the attempt to solve the second of these questions that has led so many people to ask the first. Until very recently, most of us were happily unaware of the growing cost of illness, because so few of us get seriously ill nowadays. The great bulk of our medical bill falls upon relatively few people—upon old folk who begin to suffer from the chronic diseases of age and upon the small and unlucky minority of other people who have an accident or ailment requiring a long stay in the hospital. Almost half our nationwide medical bill is paid by 11% of the population.

The word has got around, however, that anyone who becomes part of that unlucky 11% in any given year may face total financial disaster. Most Americans today therefore carry some form of medical insurance, the growth of which has been one of the most amazing economic phenomena of our time. Up until the Depression years, when the Blue Cross got started as a modest attempt to help people who could hardly meet their grocery bills, much less any unexpected hospital bills, almost nobody had ever heard of health insurance.

Even by 1940 only about one American in every 10 held any form of medical coverage. Now 123 million Americans carry hospital insurance and nearly all of these are also insured against surgical bills. Blue Cross is a household word—and when it tries to raise its rates, as it has frequently had to do just to keep up with rising costs, it usually precipitates a major public debate.

A sure road to success

IN the search for a villain, the first man to fall under suspicion has naturally been the doctor. Do doctors make too much money? Certainly they make a lot. A 1956 survey by the magazine *Medical Economics* showed that half of all the self-employed physicians in the nation netted more than \$16,000 a year. Of the specialists, half netted \$18,000 a year or more. Acquiring an M.D. is the surest road to financial success, not to mention community prestige, that our society provides. The typical doctor earns considerably more money than the typical lawyer or engineer, and far more than the average teacher.

Is he worth more than these people? In terms of abstract justice, probably not, although the average doctor's earning period in life is shorter than that of many other men. Essentially, doctors make a lot of money because there are not enough doctors to go around. There never have been enough and as far as anyone knows there never will be.

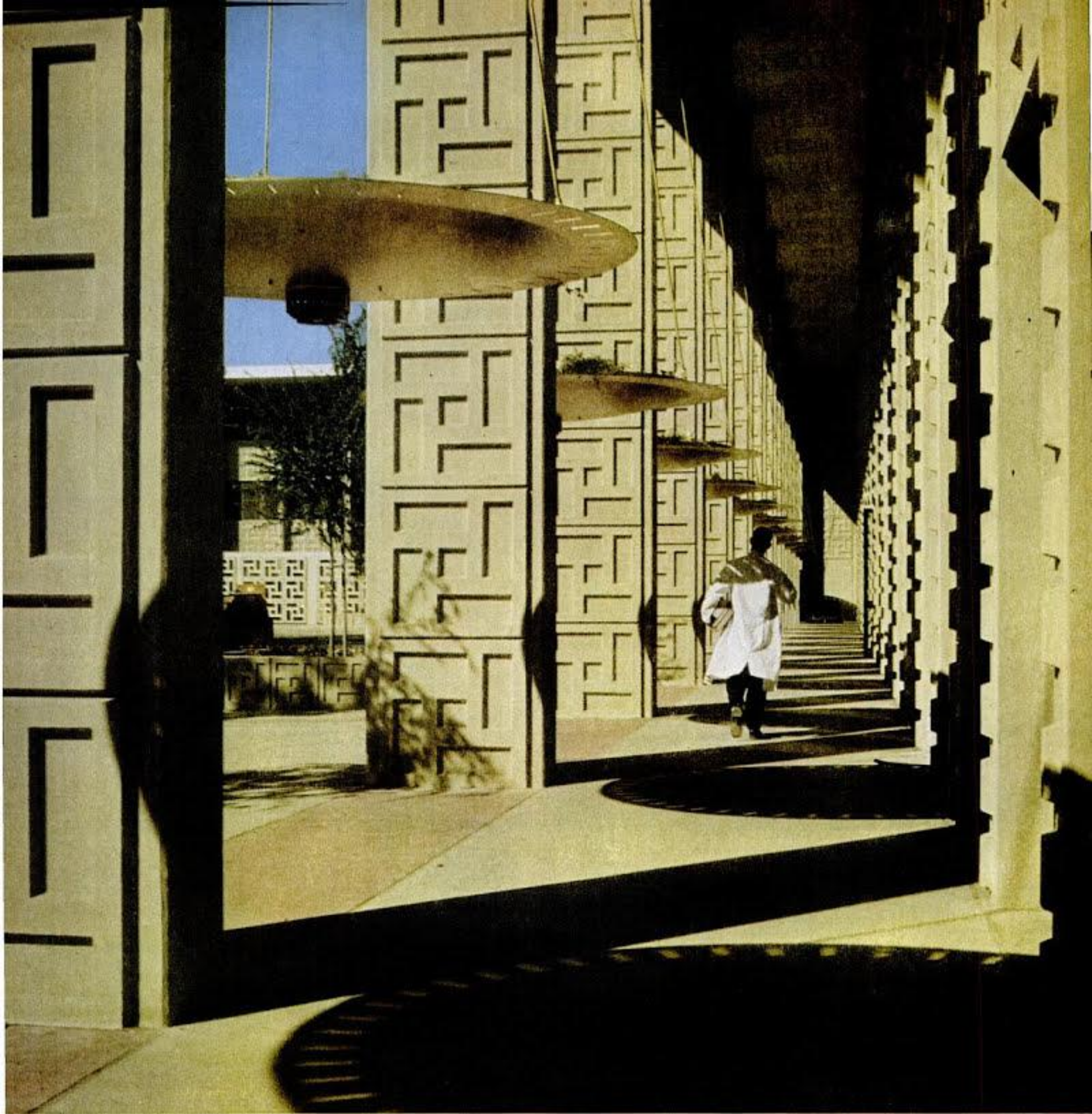
Only a small number of people can ever be physicians. A young man who aspires to become a doctor must be a glutton for work: a medical student must study twice as hard as the average college student. He needs patience and money: a medical education usually takes 10 years and is likely to cost at least \$15,000, after which the young physician must spend an initial \$3,000 to \$4,000 to equip his office and about \$9,000 a year to run it. His expenses include perhaps as much as \$500 a year for insurance against malpractice suits; the insurance is expensive because juries in malpractice cases usually think doctors are even richer than they are.

The doctor also needs something else: guts. Not every young student likes to spend a year cutting up a human cadaver. Not every adult can stand the physical strain of the doctor's long hours or the emotional strain of a job in which even a routine childbirth may unexpectedly erupt into a fountain of blood that will then be his sudden, fearful and lonely responsibility to stanch—and may end in his having to go to the waiting room and break the news to the expectant father that his wife and child have died.

Even so, there are more applicants for the job than our medical schools can handle, now or in the foreseeable future. About 15,000 young men and 1,000 young women try to get into medical school every year, and the 85 U.S. medical schools can take only 8,000. Even

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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WALKWAY AT THE NEW STANFORD MEDICAL CENTER FEATURES CONCRETE PILLARS AND SAUCER-SHAPED LIGHT FIXTURES FILLED WITH GREENERY

New \$21 Million Medical School

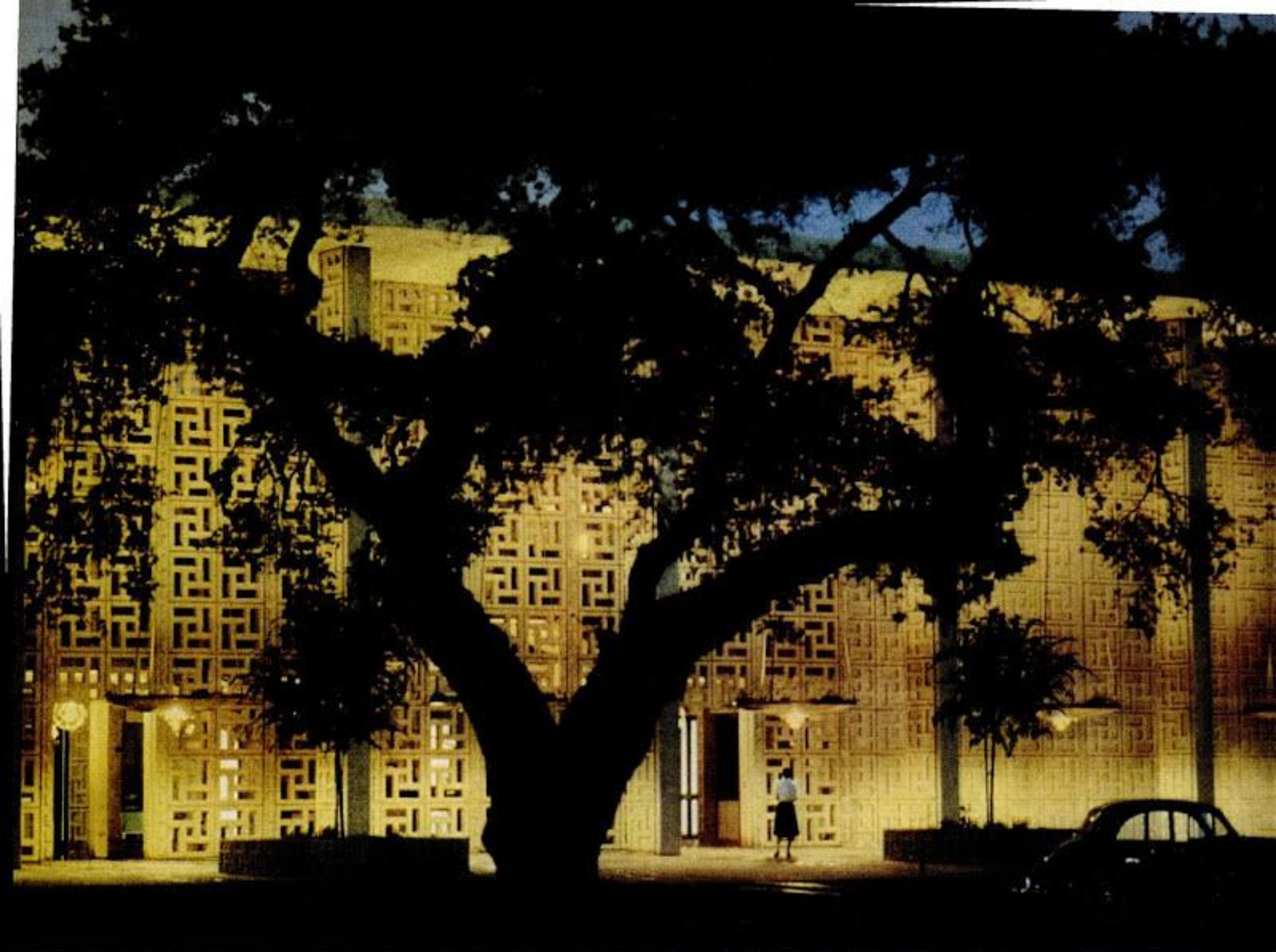
Stanford University learned about the high cost of medical education when it wanted to improve the outdated facilities of its medical school. Just to patch up and expand the old buildings, the university's trustees discovered, would cost a whopping \$21 million. So they decided instead to spend the \$21 million on a brand-new medical center. They wanted an efficient physical layout that could utilize the most up-to-date techniques and equipment. They also wanted facilities to carry out the advanced educational concepts

that would enable them to turn out all-around doctors equipped to care for the "whole man" (LIFE, Oct. 12).

The new center in Palo Alto consists of seven buildings which house the school and a 434-bed hospital. Spread out over 8½ acres, they are connected by covered walkways. All in all, the new center gives Stanford everything it wanted plus beauty provided by Architect Edward D. Stone, who managed to capture in his economical ultramodern design the cloistered atmosphere of scholarship.

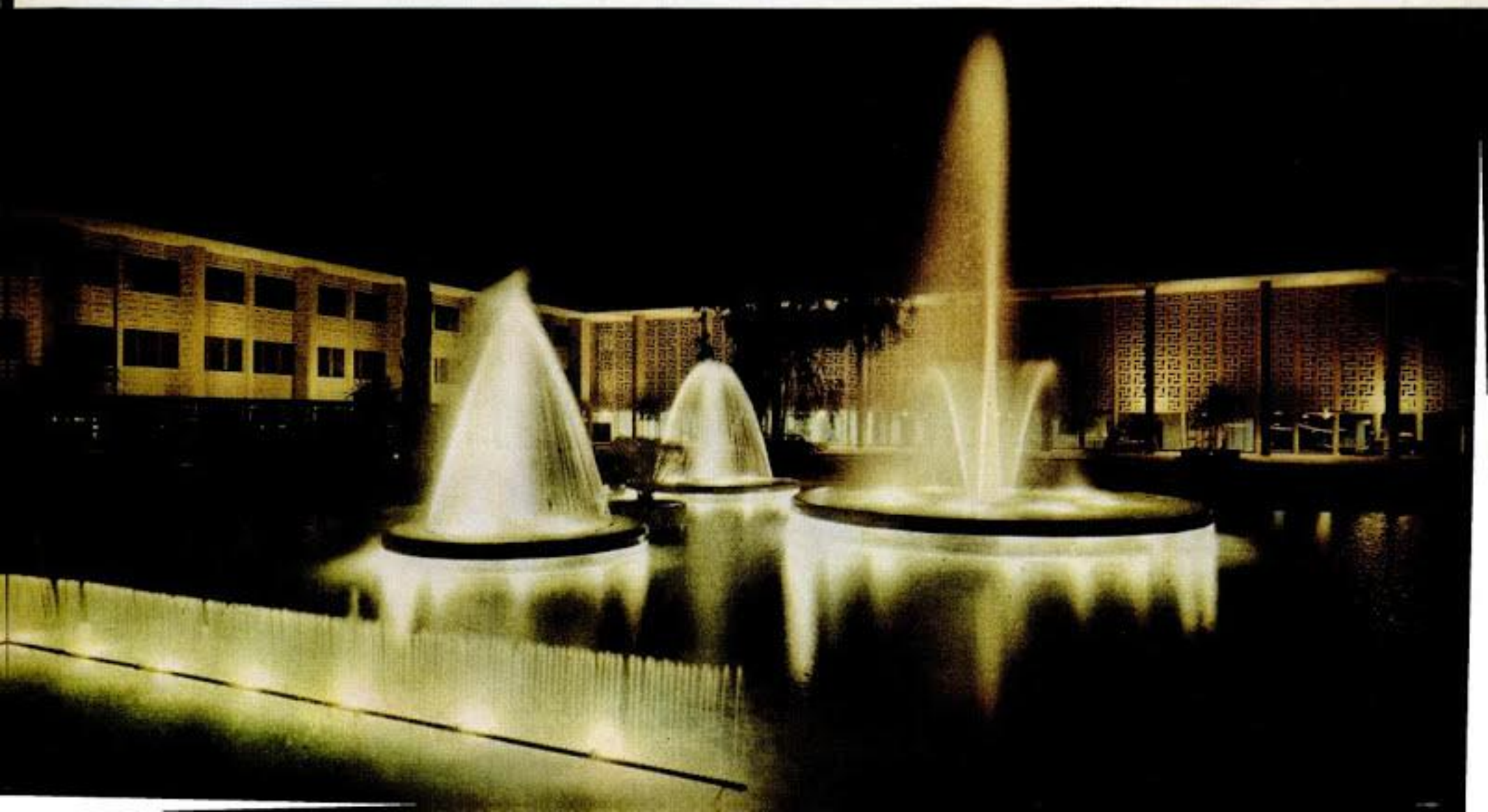
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WING OF MEDICAL SCHOOL features grillwork which has become a Stone trademark. Center's restful beauty helps speed recovery of hospital's patients.

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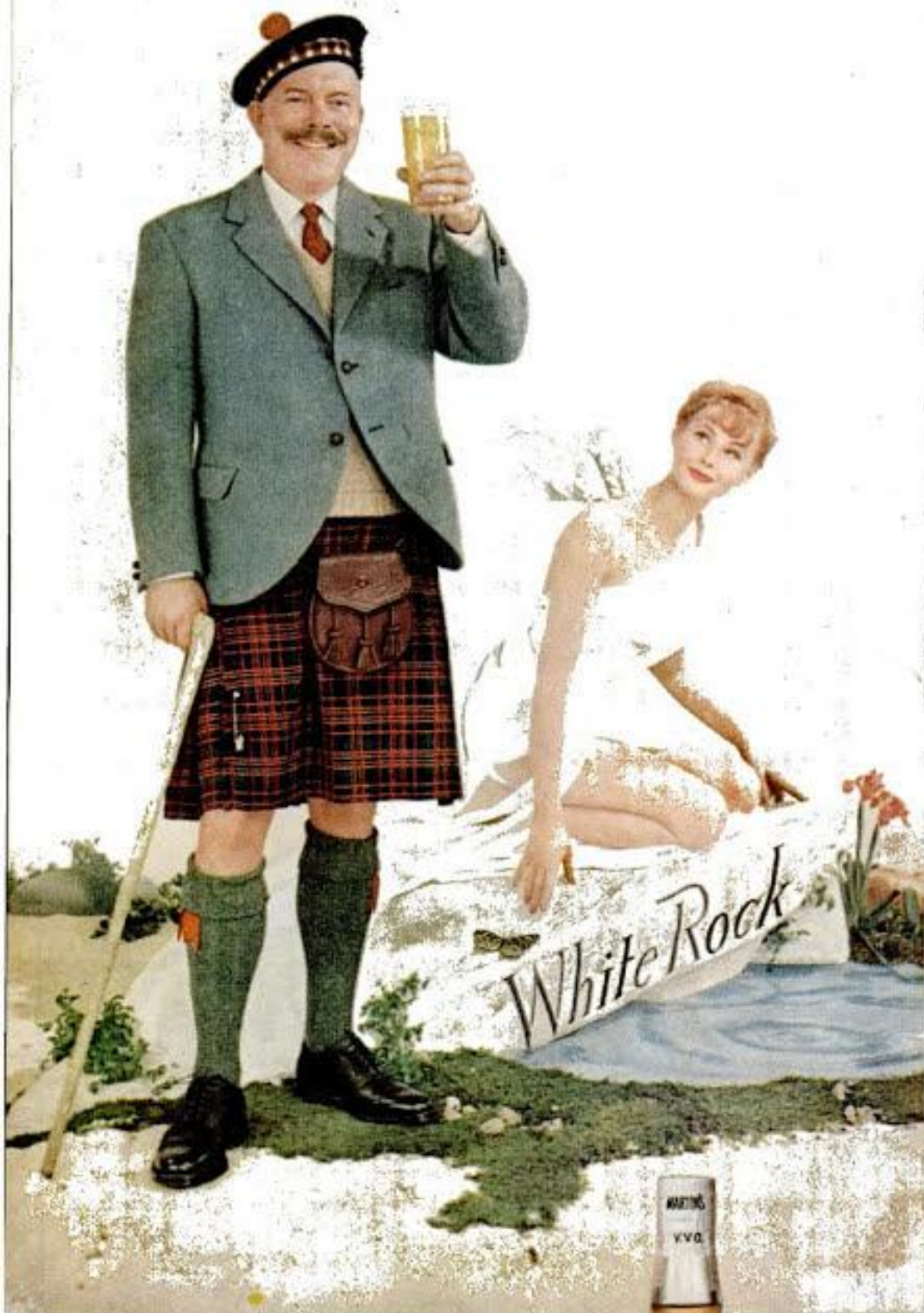
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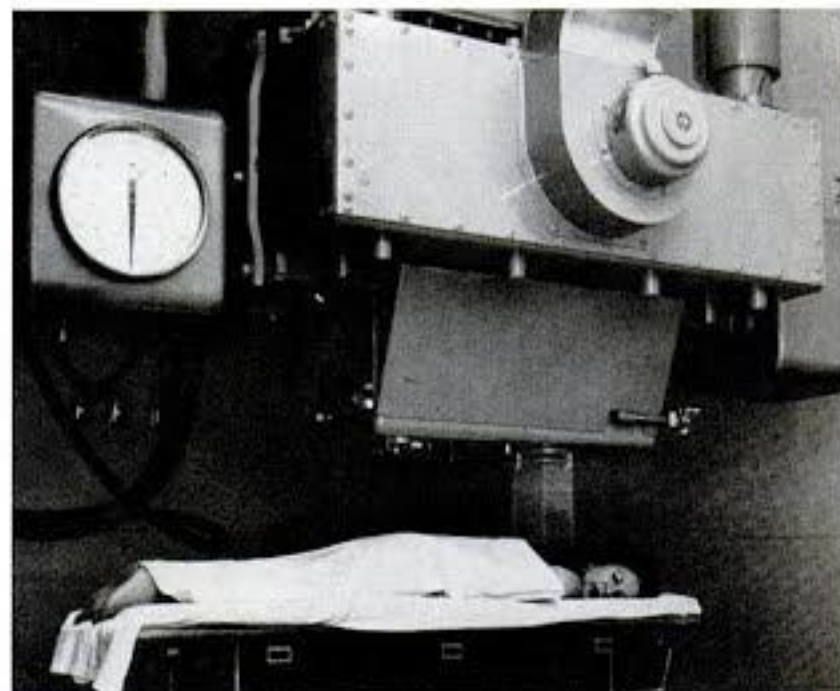


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\$100,000 MACHINE, new 25-million-volt betatron at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, is now typical item at big hospitals. It can emit beam of electrons for treating surface tumors and X-rays for bombarding deep tumors.

MEDICAL COSTS CONTINUED

this number is not enough, in view of our rapidly growing population, to keep the doctor-patient ratio at its present level. A recent survey showed that the nation will have to build 14 new medical schools in the next decade, each big enough to turn out 90 graduates a year, just to keep the ratio where it stands.

The most difficult task is finding the money to pay for the schools. Of all the educational institutions ever invented by man, the medical school is by far the most expensive—Stanford (pp. 85, 86) is an example. In a first-class school the laboratory equipment for a single teaching unit such as the department of neurology is likely to cost around \$100,000—and a well-equipped school will have 20 or 30 such departments. So personalized is medical school instruction—laboratory work and clinical practice under the closest kind of supervision—that there must be at least one teacher for every student, and sometimes more than one. And because doctors can make so much money in outside practice, schools must offer high salaries for teaching jobs. Medical school professors are paid far more than professors of philosophy or Latin, but even so 585 medical school jobs are going begging this autumn. All in all the costs and difficulties are chilling. At Johns Hopkins University, one of the nation's leaders in medical education, about half the university's entire \$90 million endowment is tied up in medical research and the medical school, but the latter turns out only 75 graduates a year while the rest of the university is producing about 700.

Some possible shortcuts are discussed from time to time. Some authorities believe that medical students could learn all about the circulatory system and other fundamental matters from educational movies, which would be considerably faster and would require far fewer teachers than laboratory work. The Soviet Union has turned out a great many doctors under a speeded-up curriculum, as did several European countries during the severe doctor shortage after World War II. The consensus among medical experts, however, is that these doctors have been far inferior to our own. No U.S. medical schools have as yet seen fit to shorten the curriculum, although Johns Hopkins University and a few others are now permitting a few carefully selected students to start medical work after two to three years of college instead of four. No one expects to eliminate the preliminary college work entirely. Aside from the fact that a good doctor needs to know something about human history, philosophy and spiritual aspirations, a boy just out of high school is simply not mature enough to cope with the grim rigors of the medical curriculum.

Doctors enjoy all the dollars-and-cents benefits of monopoly and will doubtless continue to do so. Do they abuse their position? Some undoubtedly do. Many veteran physicians in administrative work can tell horror stories about doctors who have grown rich by performing unnecessary operations—even hysterectomies—on their most trusting

CONTINUED



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Now RCA Victor adds the convenience of remote control to the finest portables ever built. You get the picture and sound of a big set at the push of a button. New miniature remote control changes channels, turns picture on or off for you. No wires! The "Wireless Wizard" remote control, in the non-

breakable "IMPAC"® case is available with both Thin Twins—*The Sportable* (left, with fold-flat handle), *The Tote-Able* (right, with recessed hand grips). Both sets have 17" tube (overall diagonal), 156 sq. in. picture. RCA Victor TV prices as low as \$149.95.

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MEDICAL COSTS CONTINUED

patients; about doctors who in setting and splitting their fees seem to consider the M.D. degree a license to steal. These cases are much rarer than the published scare stories would indicate, but they do occur.

Some administrators feel that the present long grind of medical education, especially the two to seven years a man spends as an interne and resident on coolie wages after medical school, actually encourages doctors to be cynical and mercenary. One hospital administrator said recently, "I have young doctors come into my office all the time who say, 'Well, I've worked my tail off here for four years for nothing—now I'm going out and get mine.' What we do is take an idealistic but inexperienced young person and in 10 years make him an experienced doctor but a bitter businessman." Even if the young physician retains any notions about serving humanity and forgetting to send out his bills, he is likely to run into strong opposition from his wife. Having supported him through a good part of his medical education, reared the first baby or two in a dismal flat and gone without a car or a decent wardrobe for years, she can be pardoned for wanting a Cadillac and a fur coat. It might be better all around if young doctors were permitted to earn a living wage somewhat sooner.

The occasional dishonest butcher who has marred the medical profession in the past is probably on the way out. Physicians are beginning to realize they have a serious public relations problem (LIFE, Oct. 12) and they are not at all inclined these days to ignore a crooked colleague. Many of them—perhaps as many as 12,000—now practice in groups (LIFE, Oct. 19) which by their very nature enforce a strict discipline. Hospitals have to meet high standards of accreditation. Many of them now make routine examinations of all tissue removed in operations, and a surgeon with a habit of removing perfectly healthy appendices and wombs gets into trouble with his associates pretty fast.

On the matter of fees, there is a growing trend toward setting some kind of standard more objective than just what the patient can afford to pay. The California Medical Association took a big step in this direction a few years ago by drawing up a schedule showing what various kinds of treatment should cost in relation to one another. If a doctor charges \$4 for an office visit, for example, the schedule recommends that he charge \$8 for a daytime home call, \$10 for a nighttime home call, \$75 to set a broken wrist and \$150 to remove an appendix. If his office rates are \$8, the fees are multiplied all along the line. There is nothing binding about the schedule, but many California doctors have welcomed it as a convenient guide through the sticky business of setting their charges. More than half a dozen other state medical societies have adopted similar plans, and many more are thinking about following suit.

But even in the unlikely event that all doctors should suddenly decide to cut all their present fees in half, the high cost of medical care would still plague us. Doctors get less than one fourth of the money spent on medical care in the U.S. What really hurts is the other three fourths of the national medical bill, the part that goes for drugs and especially for hospitals. With paralyzing unpredictability, the hospital portion strikes a small minority of citizens.

The rocketing room-rate rise

ALTHOUGH it is today's chief financial pitfall, the hospital was once a moderately inexpensive place to stay. Today even a short stay in the hospital, unless the patient is covered by insurance, can be disastrously expensive. A Bureau of Labor Statistics study has shown that in the 20 years from 1936 to 1956 the fees charged by surgeons rose 60%, those of general practitioners 73%. This was not out of line with general price rises. But hospital room rates zoomed 265%, faster than almost anything else the dollar can buy. In most hospitals today a standard private room costs about \$25 a day.

One reason is that the room itself has changed. Patients used to be satisfied with a bed and four barren walls. Now they expect the hospital room to be at least as comfortable as a motel room. A more important reason is that nursing care and laboratory and other technical services, which used to take less than half of the hospital dollar, today gobble up almost three fourths of that dollar as new techniques and discoveries enlarge the opportunities for proper medical treatment. A third reason is that hospitals, which have traditionally been among the most relentless exploiters of unskilled labor, can no longer find any bus boys, dishwashers, porters and maids willing to work a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



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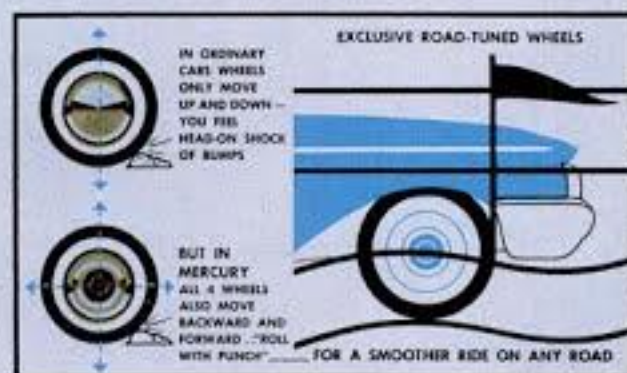


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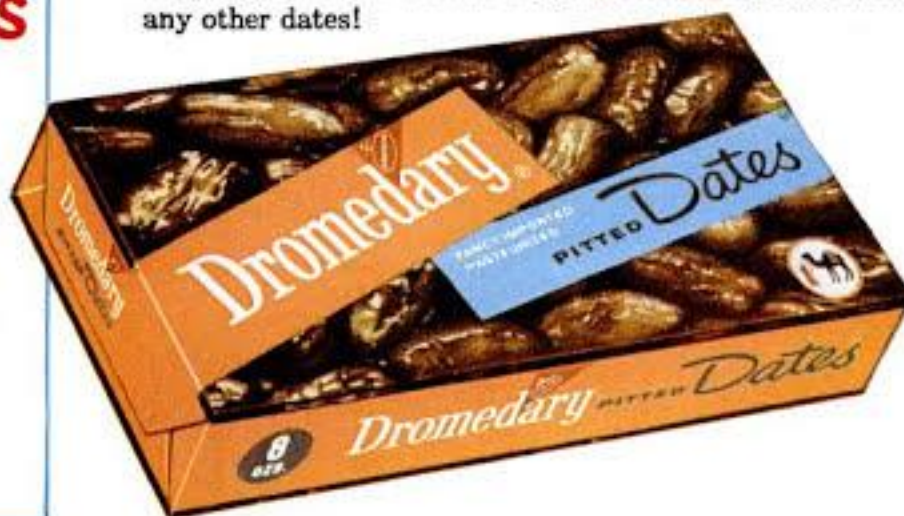
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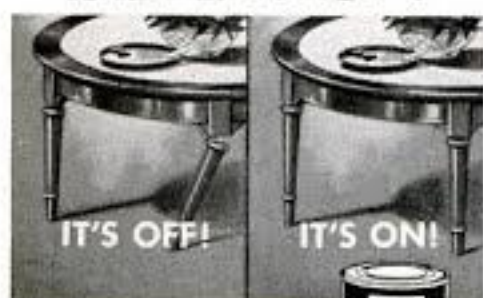
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\$42.50-A-WEEK HELPER in kitchen of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, Carmelo Perez, uses four-foot paddle to stir 300 servings of macaroni in steam-heated kettle. Hospital has three times as many employees (2,785) as patients.

MEDICAL COSTS CONTINUED

54-hour week for \$10 to \$20 less than private industry would offer.

Moreover, hospitals are a special kind of place where one group of people, the staff, performs a set of individual and highly personal services for another group, the patients. By their very nature, hospitals are unable to profit from the laborsaving machinery which keeps U.S. manufacturing industries so efficient; automation will never replace the nurse. Thus each patient has to pay not only for his share of the building and equipment and for his meals, but also for the two or more people whom the hospital employs for each bed occupied. Out of every dollar received from the patient, 70¢ goes into hospital salaries. This is approximately twice the payroll cost of most industries and is eloquent proof of the fact that hospitals are still a handicraft industry trying to struggle along in the age of the machine. Indeed hospital services, far from being decreased in this new age of scientific medicine, have actually had to be expanded. Every new laboratory test and treatment technique has required the hospitals to add new technicians and new therapists.

It is probably impossible to reduce the cost of running a hospital. It is probably also impossible to change the time-honored system whereby the patient who can afford to pay his bills is charged a little extra to help subsidize all the charity patients whom the hospital must serve free. It may be quite possible, however, to do something about using our nation's hospital facilities more efficiently. At the moment most of our 7,000 hospitals are operated independently and they are often in competition with one another—a competition which is no less keen for involving only glory and not cash. When one hospital buys an artificial heart-lung machine, the hospital across town feels called upon to buy one, too, even though one such machine might well serve a whole city.

Almost all hospitals have a heavy investment in their operating rooms and laboratories. But every Friday afternoon most of the staff goes home, not to return until Monday morning, and the expensive equipment stands idle for 48 hours except in case of emergency. A patient who arrives at the hospital on Friday often lies there, burning up \$25 a day, until the X-ray technicians and blood chemists return.

Some patients taking up expensive space in the hospital should not be there at all. Perhaps they merely need lab tests and observation, which they could get just as well by dropping in for a few minutes or a few hours. Or they may have been booked into those \$25-a-day rooms because their doctor has found it more convenient to see them there than at home. Or sometimes they have been admitted because of a strange and costly paradox in the typical Blue Cross contract. Blue Cross will not ordinarily pay the costs of diagnosing a suspected illness, no matter how expensive the X-rays and lab tests

CONTINUED



pray...

Simple words punctuate the greatness of America.

"All men are created equal."

"... of the people, by the people, for the people..."

"God, who gave us life, gave us Liberty."

"We have nothing to fear—but fear itself."

"Let us pray..."

In the simple words of prayer, in the respected ritual of worship, in the wise counsel of the man who leads each congregation there is some private, personal meaning for each person who listens.

On these words you can build your Faith—a Faith that can be as deep and strong and satisfying as you will work to make it.

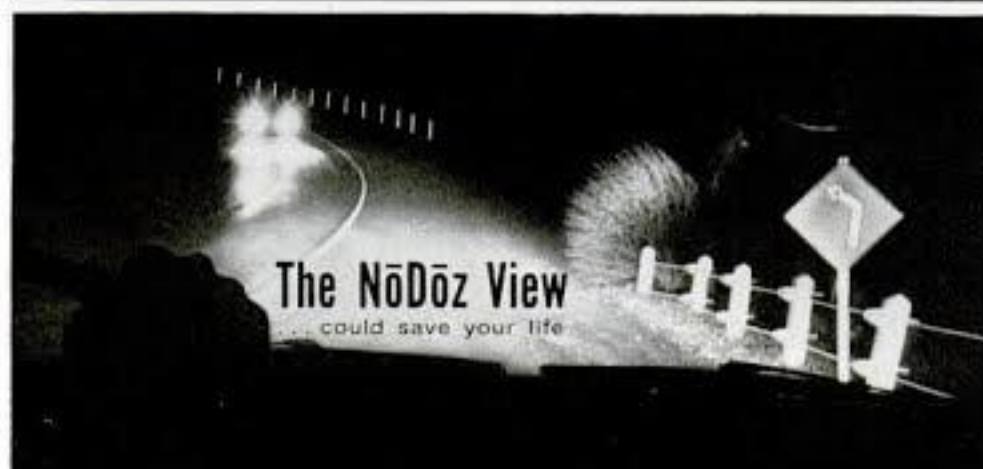
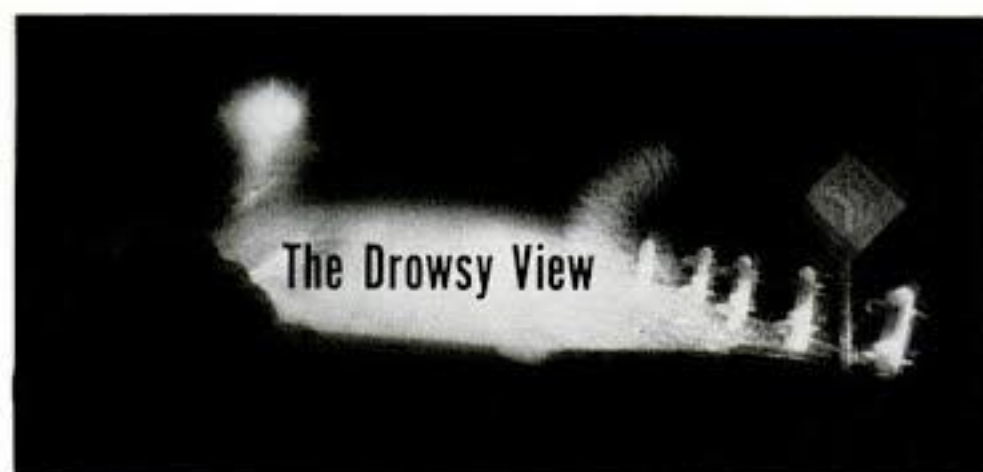
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HOME CARE PLAN of New York's Montefiore Hospital lets 54-year-old asthma patient (center) avoid repeated stays at hospital. Here Dr. Isadore Rossman shows patient's 14-year-old son how to give oxygen to father in emergency.

MEDICAL COSTS CONTINUED

may be. On the other hand Blue Cross does pick up the tab for any tests made when the patient is hospitalized for treatment. One hospital director has described this as "an invitation to disaster."

Many patients are in the hospital solely because nobody outside is available or willing to take care of them. Thousands of people who once would have been nursed through an illness by a relative at home are now taking up hospital space because their relatives live elsewhere or have full-time jobs. Thousands of old people are in hospitals because they cannot take care of themselves at home.

One promising method of cutting down the hospital load is what some administrators call "intensive home care." It is an attempt to take the hospital into the home instead of bringing the patient into the hospital. One of the pioneers in this work has been a young administrator named Dr. Martin Cherkasky, head of Montefiore Hospital in New York City. Dr. Cherkasky has gone to some extraordinary lengths to get his patients home as soon as possible, while continuing to give them as much care as they would get in a hospital bed. Members of New York's Visiting Nurse Service, working with the Montefiore staff, teach the patient's relatives how to give hypodermics and bed baths. When necessary, oxygen and blood transfusion equipment is brought right into the home. Sometimes the patient is taken back to the hospital by ambulance for X-rays or special lab tests and then returned home again. In case of crisis, the family knows that a telephone call to the hospital will immediately bring a physician to the home and that the patient will be returned to the hospital at once if necessary.

The Montefiore experiment has shown that with proper supervision many chronic illnesses can be successfully treated at home for a fifth of the cost that would be incurred in the hospital. Indeed, the home treatment is in many cases an improvement. Once a wife or daughter has been taught the techniques, she often proves a superior nurse because of the personal affection she brings to the job.

In the future this kind of economical use of what Dr. Cherkasky calls "the precious and costly asset of hospital equipment" may ramify in all sorts of new ways. Perhaps only a few big hospitals should own artificial heart-lung machines and similar complex equipment, but ideally these big hospitals would keep their expensive facilities working 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Patients with complicated medical symptoms would be taken to big centers for diagnosis, but only those who actually required the most complex kind of treatment would have to remain there. The rest would be returned to their neighborhood hospitals for treatment. Such an arrangement would keep many ambulances busy on our streets and highways and would require our hospitals to give up many of their present rivalries. But the savings made through effective use of costly hospital facilities would far outweigh the costs of even extensive patient transportation.

Many authorities think high costs will eventually force every hospital in the U.S. to experiment with centralization and decentralization,

CONTINUED



Good gift for the family: a brand-new shining Royal Futura® Portable typewriter. It makes praiseworthy Christmas notes, wonderfully legible shopping lists, businesslike checks, **immaculate homework papers**, and its uses could almost go on forever. **There's no other portable like it**, really, because it's the only one with all the automatic features of those big office machines. Result: more brainwork goes into what's being written, less into the mechanics of writing it. That's why, for instance, kids often start to get better marks when they get a **Royal Futura**. See, try this sleek writing machine at your nearest Royal Dealers. It will speak for itself. We'll say just one more thing: **it costs only pennies a day**. Royal McBee Corp.

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These studies pin-pointed the speed with which Absorbine Jr. starts treating tired, aching muscles.

When rubbed on, Absorbine Jr. actually dilates the peripheral blood

vessel walls, making local blood-flow speed up. Unlike the mere pain-killers, Absorbine Jr. helps you *get better faster*.

When applying Absorbine Jr. you will feel a welcome coolness, and as you rub it in, comforting warmth.

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MEDICAL COSTS CONTINUED

just as wartime crowding forced them to experiment with quicker release of patients after surgery and childbirth. The wartime experiment had some totally unexpected and most fortunate results: doctors found that mothers could go home happily and in splendid health after five days in the hospital instead of 10. Patients could go home seven days after an appendectomy instead of 13, and nine days after a hernia operation instead of 17. Because of these discoveries the hospitals can now take care of more patients a year, the bill to each patient is smaller and, best of all, patients recuperate much more quickly.

Many of the experts who have been studying medical costs see the future this way:

► **HOSPITAL COSTS** will go still higher as hospitals everywhere are forced to pay their employees better wages. A hospital strike in New York City last spring, while inconclusive, was the shape of things to come: the hospital authorities had a hard time being self-righteous over the \$33 a week they were paying some of their unskilled help. But hospitals will be forced by budget problems and by pressure from insurance groups to make some stringent economies in the use of their facilities.

► **PHYSICIANS' FEES** will probably remain steady. After all, doctors never had it so good as they do today. Thanks to our prosperous economy and the various insurance plans, they now collect more than 90% of their bills, whereas once they were lucky to collect 75%. Because their services are so popular, they have more patients than in former years. Yet they make fewer night calls and spend more weekends with their families.

► **MEDICAL INSURANCE** will continue to grow until almost everybody is covered for almost every kind of treatment. The cost will go up as broader types of benefits are included, and this may cause widespread complaints from those who rebel against spending a sizable sum for protection against illnesses that may never occur.

Some nations have shoved the medical cost problem under the rug by adopting socialized medicine, although this usually means that they end up paying the same bills in taxes instead of cash. The U.S. at the moment seems far more likely to find its own solution through insurance plans of one kind or another. All of us are worried by the high cost of modern medicine and we sometimes think of the modern doctor as a cold-blooded automaton who does not care very much about us. But we also know that even the most impersonal of present-day physicians can do more with a quick jab of a needle than the old family doctor ever could with all his leisurely sympathy. Most Americans seem to feel that voluntary medical plans are the best guarantee that the old personal relationship between doctor and patient will be revived and strengthened, as the medical profession learns the proper proportion between science and human understanding.



AROUND-THE-CLOCK SERVICES in hospital are costly but necessary. Here evening shift Floor Nurse Jean Berkeley at Montefiore Hospital checks dextrose infusion bottle hanging above a phlebitis patient's bed at 8:30 p.m.



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Note stitching on padded panel; rich texture of vinyl upholstery; simple, tasteful instrumentation. Attention to detail throughout gives Lark interiors richness and quality rivalled only by far more expensive cars.



CLOTHES BY JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES



New work'n'fun wagon. 4 wide doors for extra easy entry and exit. Spacious, stunning.



Mouth-watering magic for meat and martinis. Here's a dish that any man can master—even if he's never been closer to the kitchen than the can opener. It is Glazed Pork Loin, and while your guests are mesmerized by its magnificence, serve them a round of martinis made with Seagram's gin. Seagram's is improved above and beyond the usual kind of gin. Its proof is glitteringly higher (94)—hence, its smoothness is dry-er. It's truly the life spirit of the grand martini, and it hones a keen edge on the drabest of appetites. **SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN GIN.**

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 94 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.



Start with a 4 lb. loin of pork. Now for the seasoning magic: Mash 2 cloves of garlic with 2 tps. salt, 1 tsp. sage, ½ tsp. pepper and ½ tsp. nutmeg. Rub all of this well into the meat. (Try using fingers instead of a spoon.)



Slice 2 onions, 2 carrots and spread in shallow roasting pan. Set meat, fat side up, on vegetables. Splash 1 cup water over meat. Roast in 325° oven for 1½ hrs. (Stop! Treat the cook to a mellow-dry Seagram martini.)



Remove meat from oven. Slash fat in criss-cross pattern (calmly). Combine ¼ cup currant jelly with 1 tsp. dry mustard. Spread this goo over meat, stud with whole cloves. Roast 1 hr. more. (Serve dry martinis to restless guests!)



Remove pork to platter and carve, cutting between ribs (it's easier that way!). Serves 6. While guests drain drinks, you gather plaudits. Because martinis made with Seagram's always have more zip, zest and appetite appeal.

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PREENING HER FRIEND, Millie runs her bill up and down Teddy's fur. When swimming she sometimes held his tail with her bill, was pulled along.

Duck's Devotion to a Dog

Teddy, half setter and half Labrador retriever, is accustomed to chasing after ducks on Big Cedar Lake in Wisconsin. Recently he had to get accustomed to having a duck chase after him.

The duck, a mallard, became separated from others of its flock on the lake last spring. Some cottage owners fed the young bird and she became their pet. They named her Millie. One summer's day, swimming on the lake, Millie met Teddy who was cooling off. She attached herself to him immediately and followed him around. She pecked at his fur the way ducks peck at each other, rode on his back in the water and even came up on land after him. Teddy's owners, amused by the attachment of the duck for the dog, insisted that he tolerate this new friend, and he did. But in midsummer Millie behaved like a proper duck and flew away with others of her kind. Left alone, Teddy was able to behave like a proper dog and start chasing ducks again.



FOLLOWING THE DOG, Millie waits her turn to climb the steps. Whenever Millie saw Teddy swimming in the water she would fly over to join him.



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seamless stockings*

by Hanes

perk up, droopy, go get her some.

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A NATIVE SON'S SAD JOURNEY HOME

ALGERIA'S SIEGE OF ANGUISH

At a time when the West needed all its solidarity for the critical diplomatic encounters with the U.S.S.R., the draining agony of the Algerian war went into its sixth year. Everybody agreed a political solution for it was imperative. And chief among those who agreed was France's Charles de Gaulle.

Boldly De Gaulle offered the Algerian people the right to settle their own future once order has been restored. Outraged, nine ultranationalist deputies announced they were quitting the Gaullist U.N.R. party, and there were angry rumblings of an army revolt. But De Gaulle's offer held and the Algerian rebel government, which had refused previous peace

offers, cautiously, though somewhat ungraciously, began looking into the De Gaulle program. For the first time, France and the rebels seemed about to discuss a truce.

In Algeria, meanwhile, the grim struggle continued. Here and on the following pages LIFE's Photographer-Reporter John Phillips offers a unique personal portrait of the war. An American citizen who was born in Algeria, Phillips traveled with the French army, talked to old friends and visited the Moslems. He came away profoundly convinced of the need for peace because for Phillips, and even for the tough French marines below, Algeria today is a violent and shocking sight.

TO SHARE THEIR HORROR, TURN PAGE





IN A TORMENTED LAND, A FUTILE WAR'S AMBUSH AND PURSUIT

Photographs and text
by JOHN PHILLIPS

THEY'RE in there," said the French marine and jerked his thumb toward a cluster of aspen trees growing in a tangle of brier. I came upon the bodies of Moslems murdered by the Algerian rebels. In mounting horror, I took pictures until the smell of death suddenly became unbearable. Blindly I dived into the brier and clawed my way out.

What I saw (opposite page) was my first picture of what *fellagha* fury in Algeria could be. Later, I saw French soldiers in action and learned why the bulk of the French army, some 450,000 soldiers and NATO equipment, has so far not succeeded in enforcing the peace against small, elusive bands of 50-odd *fellaghas*.



JOHN PHILLIPS

Flying over the rugged Kabylia hills (top right), I heard about the French army's difficulties from a Foreign Legion colonel. As I peered into the sprawling green forests, barren ridges and dry *oueds*, the colonel commented, "Lovely country for sightseeing, but lousy to fight in." I could not see a single human being, and yet the colonel assured me the *fellaghas* were watching us fly past.

"Even with bananas [helicopters] we never catch them napping," the colonel said. "They know the hills like foxes. By the time the first banana full of troops lands, the *fellouzes* have gone—faded into the rocks. If we sight one on a slope he rolls into a ball and bounces down the hill. Yesterday one of my legionnaires was about to get a *fellouze* when the *salopard* drops a bundle. Naturally my legionnaire stops to look. By the time he finds out it's a baby, the son of a bitch has vanished."

Operation futility

THE hopelessness of seeking a final military solution to the Algerian problem struck me hardest at the Foreign Legion post at Yakouren in the northern Kabylia. One evening the Legion colonel and I were alone in the mess having a nightcap when a sergeant came in. "He's talking now, *mon colonel*," the sergeant announced.

"Can he be seen?" the colonel asked. "Seen, *mon colonel*?" The sergeant sounded puzzled. The colonel nodded at me and casually replied, "Seen in mixed company?" "Yes, *mon colonel*," the sergeant replied. "The prisoner spoke of his own free will."

In the intelligence officer's tent a single electric bulb cast harsh shadows. The *fellagha* prisoner appeared to have a large welt under his right eye, but he seemed cheerful enough.

Here was the first live *fellagha* I had seen. It was his slyness which struck me. The passive resistance of this single Arab suddenly became for me the passive resistance of all the Arabs I have ever known since childhood. The more he smiled while telling his story, the more I became convinced that the French would get nowhere in Algeria using force.

"He says the arsenal and the food cache are near Bou Nouman," an officer said. The colonel glared at the prisoner. The prisoner smiled and scratched himself with his chained arms like an organ-grinder's monkey. "Why did you wait so long to tell us this?" the colonel thundered. "I'll tell you why. So your pals would have time to move the stuff."

"Ah non, *mon colonel*," the prisoner said, "I swear to you. You'll find it full, full of everything: guns, flour, everything."

Next morning the light Alouette helicopter dropped the colonel and me on a precarious mountain ledge near the village of Bou Nouman. At the colonel's feet, a legionnaire emptied a single bag that contained all the supplies that had been found in the arsenal: a half dozen gunstocks, a hammer, a pair of pliers and two files.

"Keep the hammer, the pliers and the files," snapped the colonel, abruptly turning away. "Burn the rest." I admired his self-control.

Frustrated in his attempts to clean up an elusive enemy, the French

CONTINUED

A SEARCH FOR THE ELUSIVE FOE



COMBAT THEATER, the jagged Kabylia mountains, some of them 7,500 feet high, offer rebels excellent cover, hinder French patrols from catching them.



COMBAT INTELLIGENCE is secured by French officer as newly defected *fellagha* tells exactly where, in the mountain valleys, a band of 20 rebels is hidden.



COMBAT TAKE-OFF to follow up defector's tip sends French troops to helicopter. Despite quick action the *fellagha* band had fled when French arrived.



FRENCH COMMANDER General Challe told Phillips, "Believe me, I'd love to end my career on a Napoleonic victory. But the *fellaghas* are scattered. How can I win an Austerlitz against four men?"



ARAB PRISONER (right), chained to a French soldier, is hauled toward helicopter for flight to F.L.N. food cache and arsenal he told captors about. When they arrived both cache and arsenal were empty.



ROUNDED UP FOR QUESTIONING BY THE FRENCH, KABYLE WOMEN FROM TOWN OF TIZA SIT IN HILLS

ALGERIA'S ANGUISH CONTINUED

professional soldier in Algeria is also painfully confused. On the one hand, most of the junior officers prefer Moslems to the Algerian French *colons* whose mistreatment of the Arabs is largely responsible for the war. On the other hand, these same officers find themselves killing Moslems in part to restore the kind of "order" the *colons* want. Beyond this, professional soldiers confront a tragic possibility. After the defeat of 1940, and Indo-China and successive withdrawals from Tunisia and Morocco, the French army feels it could not survive the shame of yet another defeat. Moreover, quitting Algeria will mean loss of the overseas bonuses, and return to dull garrison life in France. As one ranking general said to me, "If we are forced to abandon Algeria this is the end of the French army. The army will rebel."

The only place where I was not oppressed by the feeling of desperation which hangs over the war-torn country was at "Kimono 10," the one spot where it should have been strongest. Kimono 10 is a commando unit where *ex-fellaghas* now serve with the French army against their former comrades. This use of turncoats, which began late last year, is based on the old French notion that it takes an Arab to catch an Arab.

Once a *fellagha* makes up his mind to it, the switch to French commando is fast. An Arab can be fighting as a *fellagha* on Monday and by Wednesday be a full-fledged commando fighting against the F.L.N. (the

rebel organization). The formalities of changing sides are simple. The *fellagha* must come over of his own free will. He must bring at least a shotgun. "The gun is essential," Captain Robert Ducloux, Kimono 10's commander, told me. "If they turn up unarmed I send them back for a gun."

A quick kill at 'Kimono 10'

THE new men wear a uniform like French paratroopers and draw \$46 a month which is good pay for a worker in Algeria. Service is on a day-to-day basis. The former *fellaghas* are free to quit any time they want, but none of them do. The F.L.N. would make short work of any Moslem ex-commando who tried to return to civilian life.

Like other similar units, Kimono 10 operates in a well-defined area, the home region of its Moslem commandos. More than 90 of the command's 150 men are Moslem and they know the local terrain as well as the local *fellagha* company, which is called a *katiba*. Fighting between the commandos and the *katiba* is not part of a vague, general war but a bitter struggle between men who know and hate each other.

One day I saw why the commandos can be more effective than the army. Kimono 10's rifle teams, following a hot intelligence tip, had left their camp in trucks and were now scattered across the countryside in search of food caches and stray *fellaghas* when Captain Ducloux picked me up. His jeep had sheet armor plate across the lower half of the windshield.

"We've been lucky at Kimono 10," the captain said as he jockeyed



UNDER ARMY SURVEILLANCE. WOMAN (CENTER) IS WIFE OF AN F.L.N. CHIEF

the jeep over steep ridges and down the roadless slopes. "Last Sunday we got 22. In our outfit," he went on, "there's no question of Moslem or European. They're all commandos. Not long ago one of our Frenchmen called one of our Moslems 'a lousy melon' ['melon' is the white Algerian equivalent of 'nigger']. I slapped him down publicly."

Suddenly the jeep radio reported that one commando patrol had found a food cache and got a *fellagha*. Almost at the same time another team called in that it had spotted a *fellagha* and was hot after him. We changed our course to join them. I felt the captain's tense excitement and shared it, to my shame. We passed a peaceful Arab farm where a horse was going around and around, treading corn. The Arabs did not look up at us. They did not even look up when we heard a short burst of machine-gun fire.

Then we could see the commandos, moving toward a lone farmhouse. When we came up we found the group standing around. Two men were searching the body of a dead Moslem.

"He's a *fellouze* all right," the captain said. "Look, he's wearing bush boots, and we've prohibited their use."

The captain was right, the dead man was a *fellagha*. A childlike drawing found on him proved it. The green and white flag of the F.L.N. had been drawn with colored crayon on a scrap of paper. Captain Duclos examined the *fellagha's* shotgun. Looking down at the body, he said gently, "He didn't suffer." It was then I noticed that the soles of the bush boots had been cut off. "No other *fellouze* can use those boots now," Captain Duclos explained as we walked away leaving the dead *fellagha* unburied.

TOUGH MOSLEM-FRENCH TEAM



IN JOINT ACTION, French and loyal Moslem commandos of outfit called "Kimonio 10" search for a rebel arms cache (above). Moslem commandos are often F.L.N. turncoats and the French officer searching the body of a rebel (below) is helped by a Moslem who only three days before had himself been a *fellagha*.



CONTINUED

Continued material

ALGERIA'S ANGUISH

CONTINUED



FAMILY FRIEND of Phillips, and a spokesman for French *colons*, Roger Marcellin sits astride his horse at villa on farm at Bertville, near Phillips' home town.



OVERSEEING LAND, Marcellin supervises Moslem worker running U.S.-made hay baler on large farm, one of several owned by his family. Marcellin's Moslem



AMID FRENCH FRIENDS,

DE GAULLE be damned!" one French Algerian of Bouïra exploded. "He can say what he likes, that Arab lover. We'll never leave this country." I was back in Bouïra, my home town which I had not seen since I was a child, in order to find out what the French *colons* were thinking. Among old friends of my family, I ran into angry political passions.

Again and again, I found Frenchmen openly showing their fury at De Gaulle. It was the fury of fear. The *colons* felt that De Gaulle, in his refusal to insist on the "integration" of France and Algeria, was threatening their way of life.

"We wanted a dictatorship by a soldier," angrily exclaimed one of the guests at a lunch I went to, "but not the one we got." "He's too liberal," another guest chimed in, grotesquely flapping his arms in imitation of De Gaulle making a speech. "Take this amnesty for political prisoners," snorted a third, "if you can call assassins who ought to be shot 'political prisoners.' We don't approve of that."

"Generosity, my dear John," the first man said to me, "is wasted on Moslems. They only understand a good kick in the pants."

Such talk was so widespread among French Algerians and seemed to me so irresponsible that I felt I should try to find a more serious sort of view. I asked Roger Marcellin (*above*), a French senator and a recognized spokesman for the *colons*, to sum up their position. Marcellin, whom I have known and liked since I was in knickerbockers, owns a farm 10 miles from the one my father once had. He was quietly emphatic: "The Algerian question has been settled once and for all with the referendum of September 1958 in which the Europeans and the Moslems who went to the polls voted for the union of Algeria and France. Algeria is and will always remain French, because that is the expressed will of *all* its inhabitants. After all, we can't hold referendums every week simply because a tiny group of unpatriotic Frenchmen, inspired by foreigners and paid

← PHILLIPS STANDS BEFORE FATHER'S FARMHOUSE, NOW NEGLECTED

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workers, like Moslem farmhands all over Algeria, were paid as little as 50¢ a day before rebellion, now under new French program get an average of \$1.50 a day.



THREE GENERATIONS of Algerian-born French get together as Roger Marcellin holds granddaughter Christine on lap, with daughter Christiane at left.

FURY, FEARS, PHOBIAS

by foreigners, wants to impose its rule here through terror and murder."

"What about the Algerian government in exile?" I asked.

"It's unthinkable that any nation takes Ferhat Abbas and his pseudo-government seriously. They fled Algeria. They represent nothing."

He was in deadly earnest. But what he said had the ring of rhetoric. It did not make sense to me.

With Marcellin I traveled over his farm, acres of vineyards, wheat, almond trees. It was the place his grandfather started with a land grant from the French government. Now, with grandchildren of his own born in Algeria, Marcellin is rich. But for him to become what he is today, Marcellin and his family had to lavish on their land years of care and hard work, just like farmers in America's Midwest who are now swimming-pool rich but whose families started from scratch three generations ago. Perhaps thinking of this, Marcellin suddenly said to me, "I would die if I ever had to leave Algeria and my farm." Then I felt sorry for him.

Later I returned to what had once been my father's farm. The farmhouse, now the property of a Moslem Algerian, was dilapidated, and while this would have broken my father's heart, I was angry for other reasons. I was angry because an old friend of the family had tried to play on my sentiments about the farm. "You'll find it very run down," he said maliciously. Then, ignoring the fact that the farm next door, also owned by a Moslem, was well kept, he added, "But what can you expect from Arabs?"

Years ago, I grew up in the midst of hate for the *ratons* (little rats) as Moslems were then called. It took me a long time to get over the superficial contempt I had once felt for all Arabs. Now I wanted nothing to do with this fight. I was horrified to find old friends, otherwise kind and reasonable people, still indulging in this phobia. I say this with humility because, after all, as an American I have nothing to lose, and they do. But if they lose Algeria, it will have been their own fault.



ON A STREET CORNER IN BOUÏRA FRENCH "COLONS" TALK POLITICS →

CONTINUED

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BELATED FRENCH IMPROVEMENT, new pre-fab schoolhouse for loyal Moslem village of Tiguemouine sits on lonely plateau high in rugged Djurdjura

Mountains. Moslem children, here out for school recess, are taught arithmetic and how to read and write in French. Most have to leave school when they are 12.

FOR ARABS, A HELPING HAND PERHAPS TOO LATE

WHEN I went among the Arabs I came to the village of Bezzit, a collection of tile-roofed huts squatting on the crest of a lonely hill in the Djurdjura Mountains. Until recently there was no road to Bezzit and though it is only nine miles as the crow flies from my father's farm, the impoverished Kabyles who live there often used to go months at a time without seeing a Frenchman or getting any help from France. Now Bezzit, like a hundred other Algerian villages, is a kind of showcase where the best aspects of France's "pacification" program are being put into practice. Today, cleared of *fellaghas*, guarded by the French army and by home guards who have volunteered to carry arms, Bezzit is the recipient of aid and guidance which, had France offered them in time, might have prevented the rebellion altogether.

Bezzit, which I saw on a tour of half a dozen recently pacified villages, is presided over by two men (*below*)—a Moslem mayor and Captain Billotet, a French S.A.S. (Specialized Administrative Sections) officer. A fat, jovial man who in another age might have been a lusty friar, Billotet is chief engineer, plumber, planner, guardian and father confessor of the village. Billotet's greatest problem, however, in keeping his area calm, was a long-standing feud between the mayor of Bezzit and the head man of a small community nearby called Beni Foua. The feud, which probably went back all the way to the days of the Prophet, disrupted friendly relations between the two towns because the people of both villages were solidly behind their chieftains. "This was very bad," the captain observed to me. "But I solved it by getting the mayor of Bezzit's daughter married off to the head man of Beni Foua."

With this stumbling block out of the way, Billotet, like S.A.S. officers everywhere, got his villagers to build roads around the community and supervised the setting up of new pre-fabricated schools which replaced the Kabyle schools destroyed by the F.L.N. Now, French army volunteers act as teachers for Moslem children who, they admit, are often brighter than their counterparts back in France. The S.A.S. program also runs dispensaries and arranges to fly seriously ill patients out of the

hills to a base hospital by helicopter. The army encourages village morale with native dancing parties, trucks in extra food and milk for the villages each week, and teaches the Kabyles how to make the most of their agriculture. It helps emancipated Moslem women set up classes in hygiene, sewing and cooking among their pitifully backward sisters in the villages.

The enthusiasm of S.A.S. officers for the villages which have promised their loyalty to France sometimes spurs them into amusing rivalries. When I told another S.A.S. officer how Captain Billotet had built a small cafe in Bezzit, he looked pained. "Some men never know when to stop," he said, then added, "Of course we're putting up a hunting lodge."

At first all this seems promising. Whatever happens to Algeria, someone will have to provide the kind of help to the primitive, long-neglected villages which S.A.S. officers now administer. And such help is important not only for its effect on Algeria but on all the Moslem world. Throughout my trip to Algeria, the words of a Tunisian friend echoed in my mind:

"We denounced the Russian terror in Hungary like you Westerners. But I notice you Westerners do not denounce French oppression in Algeria which is just as bad. Is it because tyranny is only denounced when it is Communist and forgiven when practiced by the West? I hope this is not the case. If it is, I am certain the next generation of Moslems will turn its back on the West and you will have lost far more than Algeria."

But after three years of S.A.S. aid, after an expenditure of millions of dollars on "loyal" Algerian villages and after the loss of more than 100,000 lives on both sides in the war, the happy dance (*opposite page*) is only possible today in Algeria under the protection of French soldiers. As I watched the dance and saw the schools I could not get one fact out of my mind. To get to and from these "pacified" villages a man must travel with an armored car escort and sometimes a squad of soldiers riding behind in a truck. The bitterness in Algeria is too deep-rooted and too old now for France to repair it entirely by simply building up one portion of the Moslem population while she is engaged in a brutal war with the other.



BEZZIT'S BOSSES, S.A.S. Officer Captain Billotet and the Moslem mayor talk over village business.



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SEQUEL

Weepy Return

MISS AMERICA VISITS OLE MISS

It was homecoming weekend at Ole Miss and the university's most famous student, Lynda Lee Mead, Miss America of 1960, came back home in triumph. The flawlessly lovely face now was drawn with tiredness, and as her Chi Omega sorority sisters rushed laughing and crying to greet her, Lynda's eyes filled with tears—as they had at her crowning (LIFE, Sept. 28). "She was so cute," said sorority sister Teresa McAlister, "and we cried and she cried. It was so happy and sad." After weeks of playing the professional beauty queen, decorating advertisements, festivals and fund-raising affairs from New York to Los Angeles, Lynda could briefly be a simple coed again. At the Chi Omega house, where 1959's Miss America, Mary Ann Mobley, also lived, there was girlish gossip until 3 a.m.—and even then Lynda hated to stop for sorely needed rest. And at home in Natchez there was the first quiet day with her brother and parents since Atlantic City. Then it was back to being Miss America and public property.



TEARFUL LYNDA IS CROWNED



EMOTIONAL WELCOME by Chi Omega sisters moves Lynda, seated on convertible in motorcade. From left: Kathleen Crabill; Beth Koehler, chapter treasurer; Teresa McAlister, pledge trainer; Edwynne Joiner, president.

ARF...ARF (HEY DOGS) URF

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GLEASON MISBEHAVES at a family supper, when as tipsy Uncle Sid he cuts a fancy caper. He gets scowls from a schoolmarm and his older nephew (Eileen

Herlie and Robert Morse). But the others, including mother and father at the ends of the table (Walter Pidgeon and Una Merkel), are definitely amused.

Music for O'Neill's 'Wilderness'

Jackie Gleason is right at home in a tuneful version of a classic American comedy

Broadway alchemists are always making gold by transmuting old plays into new musicals. So it could be expected that Eugene O'Neill's comedy, *Ah, Wilderness*, would someday turn up with music. Now it has—with an unexpected twist. Jackie Gleason (see cover), after 12 years away from the theater, came back in this version of an American classic and stands out even in a highly polished cast like a genuine diamond stickpin.

The musical is called *Take Me Along*, and in it Authors Joseph Stein and Robert Russell thumb through the familiar pages of O'Neill's family

album, which catch the playwright in one of his rare sentimental moods. There is the father, warmly acted by Walter Pidgeon, who watches his son, Richard, exploring the pleasures of puppy love and poetry, with special devotion to Omar Khayyám (*Ah, Wilderness were paradise enow!*). There is the uproar of a small-town Fourth of July set to nostalgic songs by Bob Merrill. And there is Gleason playing the tosspot bachelor, Uncle Sid, who woos a spinsterish schoolmarm. Singing love songs and prancing like a playful bear, Gleason fits perfectly into O'Neill's memory book.

MUSIC FOR 'WILDERNESS' CONTINUED

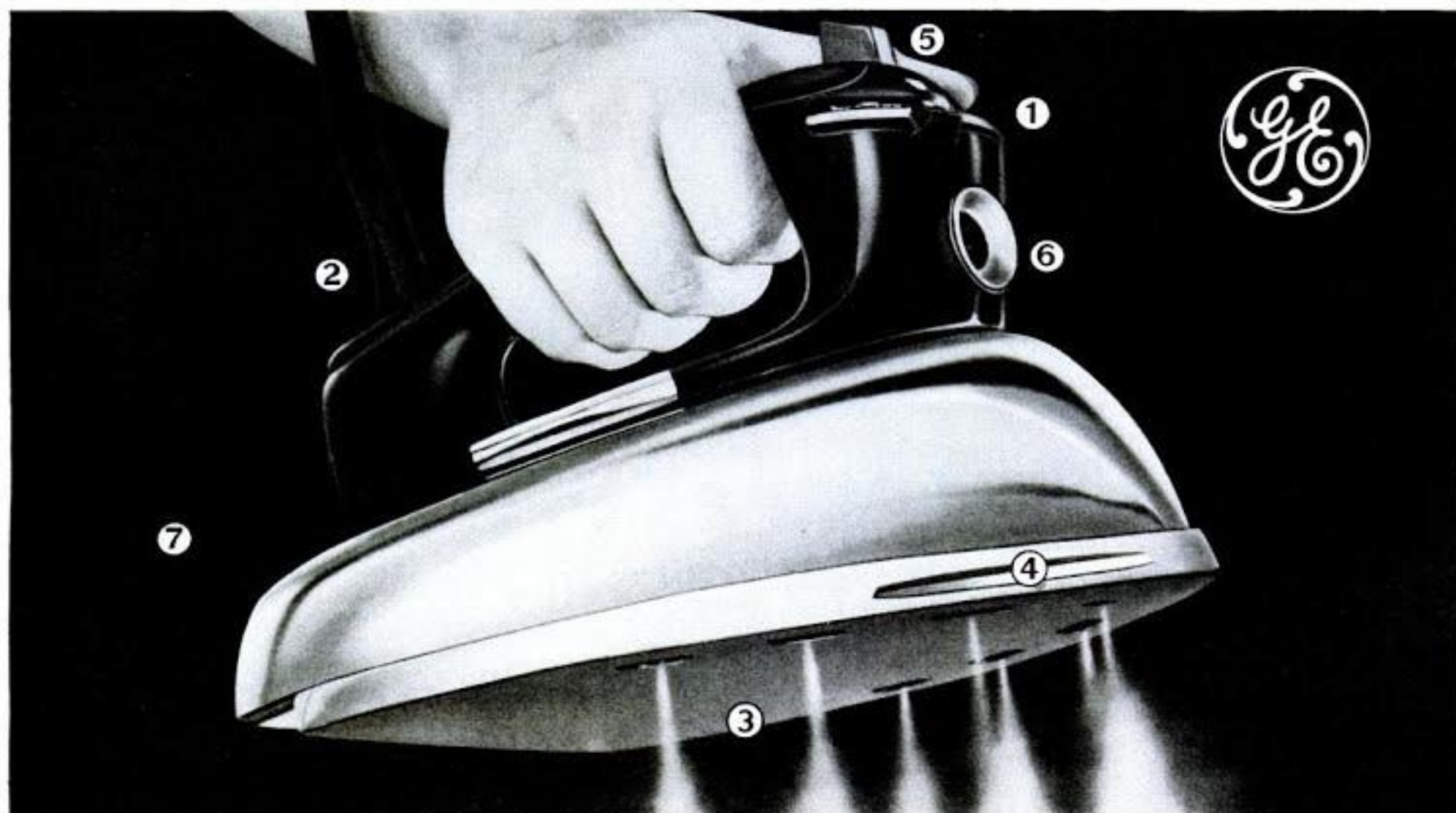
The bold bad bachelor and skittish spinster



THE WOOLING BEGINS with saucy Uncle Sid and bashful Lil (Eileen Herlie) sitting back to back and singing a love duet.



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← AS SID GETS FRISKY, chasing Lil and making bold remarks, she bursts into embarrassed squeals.

A PLAYFUL POKE in the stomach convulses Lil, convinces her that their marriage will be congenial.

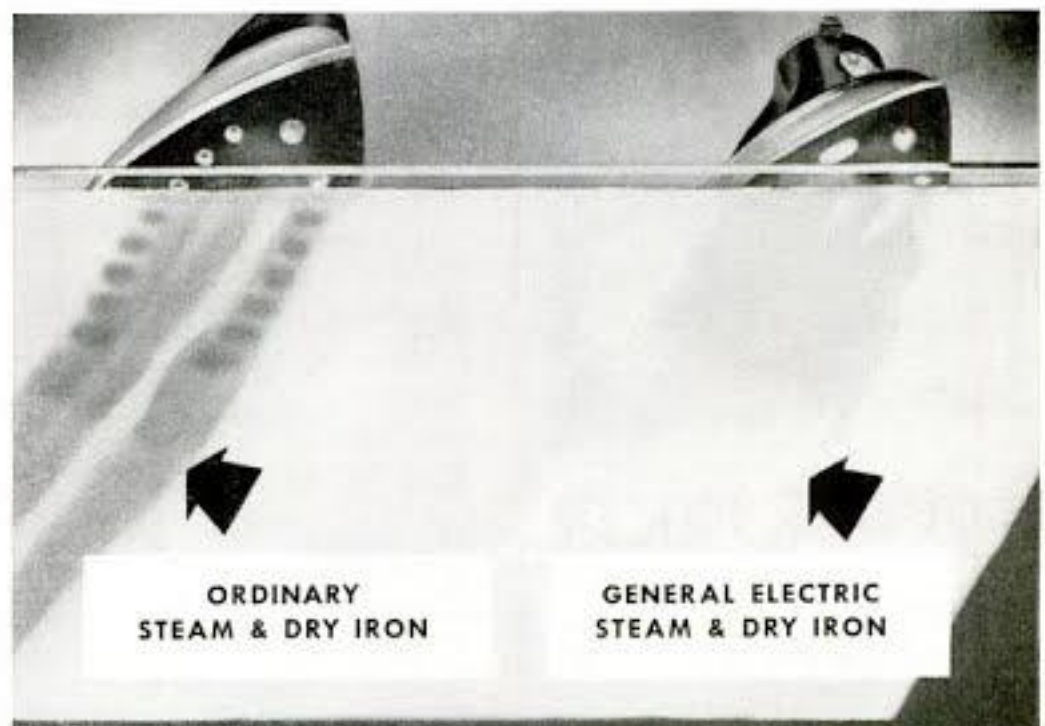
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MUSIC FOR 'WILDERNESS' CONTINUED

Richard and his girls



TO SCHOOLGIRL SWEETHEART (Susan Luckey) innocent Richard (Robert Morse) reads some Swinburne purple poetry he has just discovered:

My life is bitter with thy love; thine eyes/ Blind me, thy tresses burn me, thy sharp sighs/ Divide my flesh and spirit. . . that I could drink thy veins as wine, and eat/ Thy breasts like honey, that from face to feet/ Thy body were abolished and consumed,/ And in my flesh thy very flesh entombed.



MEETING A FLOOZY (Arlene Golonka) in a saloon, Richard ducks her advances and tries to impress her with some literary talk about George Sand:

Oh, she was a real woman . . . you bet! She was a female novelist. She just called herself George. . . She was the rage of Paris and she drove men crazy! . . . Chopin fell madly in love with her. He lived with her, without—you know—benefit of clergy. Chopin wrote beautiful music because she loved him passionately.

CONTINUED

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THE GENTLEFOLK AND THE BUM

With two bigtime male stars, Gleason and Pidgeon, acting in the same show, the rest of the *Take Me Along* company expected an explosion of egos. But early in rehearsals Gleason announced that people would see him as "the bum" and Pidgeon as "the gentleman," and that ought to make a good mixture. Everybody devoutly hoped it would.

At the start Gleason had reason to feel ambushed by some pretty odd bedfellows. They were odd, at least, for a knockabout comic who had once been a smalltime nightclub troupier, whose stage experience had been limited to a few dizzy shows like *Hellzapoppin*, who had then built himself into the highest-paid and most celebrated TV comic in America and who—fairly or not—had a reputation for being a bossy, stubborn, top-banana potentate.

By contrast, the show's English director, Peter Glenville, had the manners of an Oxford don, was an expert on classic drama and had never coached a song-and-dance show. Gleason's leading lady, Eileen Herlie, was a distinguished actress of highbrow drama, innocent of the ways of musical comedy.

A New York columnist reported that under these circumstances, all Broadway was betting Gleason would never stick with the show, even through rehearsals.

Gleason was annoyed. Of course he would stick. He had signed a contract and he would "damned well abide by it." Glenville had been warned that Gleason might come to rehearsals, if he came at all, in a post-prandial glow. But Gleason was always punctual, always sober.

Director Glenville, it turned out, was not really at a loss amid the alien corn. His parents were a famous English vaudeville team, so he could appreciate Gleason's form of genius. "He has a remarkably alert intelligence," Glenville said, "and underneath that large frame is a detailed delicacy and restraint."

Unexpectedly, the warmest rapport in the company sprang up between Herlie and Gleason—the classical actress and the pratfall clown. Off-stage they treated each other deferentially; on stage their love scenes, interspersed with outbursts of mirth, became the gems of the show.

Gleason was not cowed by his classical colleagues. His contract stated that he was entitled to "suitable transportation," so when the cast left New York for its Boston tryout, he suggested that suitable transportation for Jackie Gleason should include a jazz band on the train. Producer David Merrick felt obliged to agree. For \$700 the band entertained the whole troupe in a private club car, providing both a merry trip and useful publicity.

In Boston the star was full of beans. He had an audience with Cardinal Cushing, addressed both the Massachusetts House of Representatives and the Senate, turned down an offer to play hockey with the Bruins, and threw a party for some church and doctor friends at which

he displayed his skill as a hypnotist. In a further exhibit of Gleasonian gusto he woke up Producer Merrick by phone every morning at seven to shout, "Nothing to worry about, Dave. The show's bound to be a hit."

Now that Gleason's optimism has been justified and he has bedded down for a steady run, he can devote some of his enormous energy to other things. He can settle into his brand-new \$600,000 circular house near Peekskill, N.Y. which friends say looks like a space ship. He can play golf and watch his weight, which fluctuates like the tide. Already

a highly successful composer of mood music, recorded under such titles as *Musie*, *Martinis and Memories* and *Aphrodisia*, Gleason is now polishing up a new work called *Psychic Phenomena*. It is divided into sections—Hypnosis, Astral Flight, Passage from Life to Death, Approach to Paradise—partly inspired, he says, by his studies of East Indian mysticism and the lives of the saints.

Getting back to earth, Gleason's most ambitious project is a series of supper club rooms, which he has designed for a famous international hotel chain. Called the Aphrodisia Rooms, they will be decorated exactly alike—in yellow, brown, black and burnt orange—to achieve what Gleason calls "a continuous complexion

of atmosphere." Thus a homesick traveler in, say, Istanbul, can feel he is back in the good old Aphrodisia Room in Dallas, Texas.

For his own recording company, which is called Productions of Audible Literature, Gleason has produced Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, read in its entirety by 225 actors, with mood music by Gleason. He hopes to give the same treatment to all the Harvard Classics. He has written a genuinely moving screen story which he plans to film in Paris, with himself playing a deaf-mute. He is also set to do several TV spectaculars.

Shortly after the 1955 report that Gleason had signed a multimillion-dollar contract securing his services for CBS-TV for the next 15 years, his television popularity seemed mysteriously to waver. But there has been no wavering of his talents. In *Take Me Along* his portrayal of carefree Uncle Sid would have delighted Eugene O'Neill, even though O'Neill did not intend the role to be so important. Gleason exudes the same salty theatricality that O'Neill knew in his own childhood, when his famous father stomped across the stage in *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

For all his razzmatazz acting, Gleason also hints at the sadder side of Uncle Sid. He shows by a droop of the shoulder and a lowered eyelid that Sid is sometimes ashamed of being a rowdy fat man. He shows that Sid sometimes knocked himself out to be the life of the party only to stave off the loneliness he would feel when the party was over. Gleason has proved he is a fine actor. He has also proved, to his stage colleagues, that the self-styled bum is every inch—even latitudinally—a gentleman.

TOM PRIDEAUX *LIFE Entertainment Editor*



WITH CRONY Toots Shor, famous New York restaurant-keeper, Gleason bats the breeze backstage at Philadelphia tryout.

GLEASON LEADS THREE OF HIS DIGNIFIED CO-WORKERS, EILEEN HERLIE, WALTER PIDGEON AND PETER GLENVILLE, IN A BACKSTAGE SONGFEST





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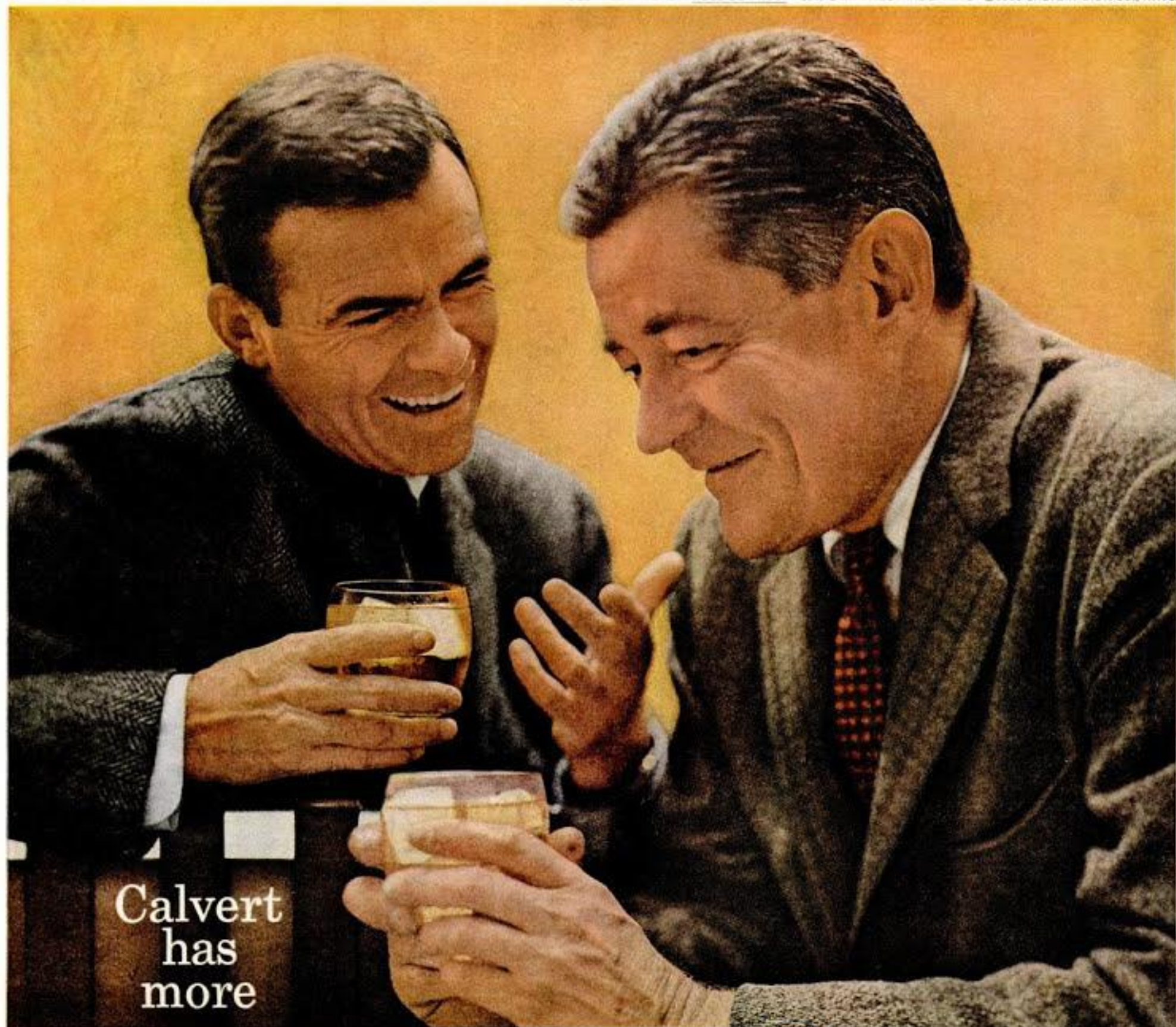
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after a day outdoors. Outside, a wet
Autumn wind howls the night.*



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HOST: It takes real skill. I guess only the Calvert Hand of Skill can do it. Care for another?

GUEST: Who ever said I'd break up a party going this good?

Cub's Caper at a Governors' Convention



CUB REPORTER JANICE SMILEY STARTS DANCING WITH GOVERNOR HODGES



GETTING WITH IT DURING CHARLESTON, JANICE MUGS AT NORTH CAROLINA GOVERNOR WHO DANCES GAMELY. "I HAD NO IDEA I COULD DO IT," HE SAID

YOUNG REPORTER CRASHES CONFERENCE AND BECOMES ITS LIVELIEST GUEST

A girl cub reporter's breezy enterprise turned the Southern Governors' Conference in Asheville, N.C. from a staid political function into a romping party. When her Asheville high school teacher told Janice Smiley, 15, she might get good journalistic experience by trying to interview one of the governors, Janice lost no time. She gaily crashed the conference, lured her own state's Governor Luther Hodges into a Charleston, became good friends with the Delaware governor's daughter (*next page*) and, as she wrote in her story for a newspaper, "had a blast and a half."

Janice started out interviewing "a jolly little fellow in a bright yellow sweatshirt"—Kentucky Governor Happy Chandler (5 feet 8 inches, 196 pounds). She persuaded Alabama Governor John Patterson to invite her to a big dinner which she attended in high heels that made her feel "like the leaning tower of pizza." By this time she was a fixture of the conference and went along the next day on an outing where she and the dignitaries made "funny faces at each other." Janice summed up her impression of the executives in a few words, "Oh boy, were they ever cute!"

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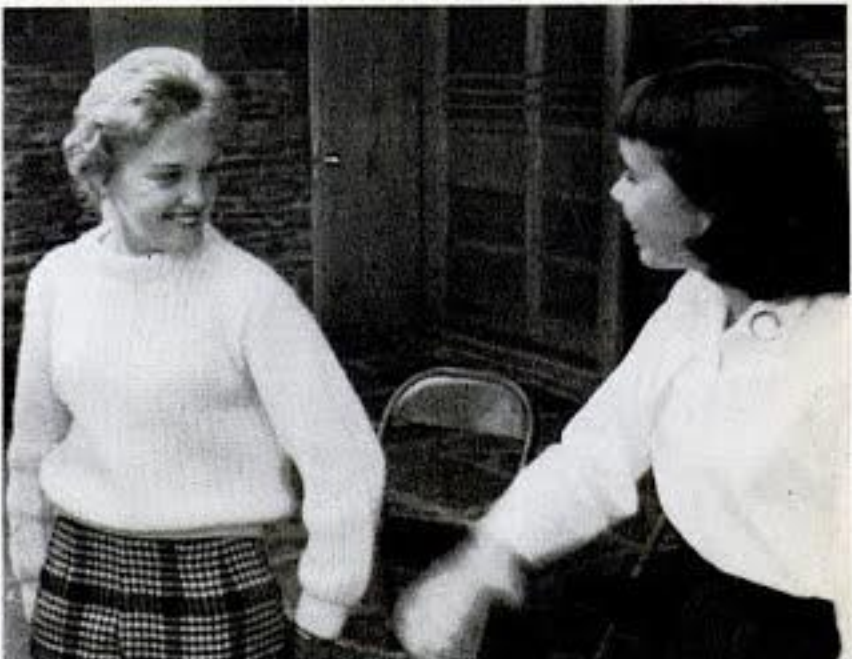
CUB AT CONVENTION CONTINUED



WITH FLORIDA GOVERNOR Janice (left) and friend Jan Ray elicit from LeRoy Collins observation that "some of my best friends are teen-agers."



WITH ARKANSAS GOVERNOR Janice hams it up on outing to Mt. Mitchell. She and Faubus pretended that each would throw the other off mountain.



WITH GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER, Marilu Boggs of Delaware, Janice has girlish chat. Thirteen-year-old Marilu asked Janice to come north and visit.



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YOUNG CRITIC OF ARTISTIC SLIP

New visitors to the Museum of Modern Art in New York often find the exhibits puzzling. They peer earnestly at the art trying to discern something familiar. A recent first-time visitor, Kim Waber of New York found little in the museum's Sculpture Garden that provoked her interest except the garden pool and the smells from

the nearby cafeteria. But passing a towering bronze statue called *Standing Woman* by German Artist Wilhelm Lehmbruck, Kim stopped and studied like an experienced critic. What she saw was enough to interest any 3½-year-old: a grownup in the recognizable childhood predicament of being caught with drooping drawers.



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